ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN
VOLUME 26 NUMBER 7

MAYFAIR

PUBLISHED BY
PAUL RAYMOND
£1.75
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DEE IVENS
NUDE!

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TONY PRICE REPORTS

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SEXY SISTERS JUSTINE & SAMANTHA STRIP TOGETHER INSIDE

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Italy Lire 7000
Finland Fm. 23.50

MAYFAIR

Volume 26 Number 7
Telephone: 071 734 9191
2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE
PRINTED IN ENGLAND

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Samantha wants to show you that career girls can be sexy too — we think you'll agree she's pretty convincing!

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In this month's fiction a beautiful woman takes our hapless hero on a journey into the darker side of pleasure...

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Sadly for this sexy saleswoman, the customers she flirts with over the phone are often disappointing in the flesh — but as you see from our sizzling centrefold, we can't say the same about Charlotte!

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Publisher: Paul Raymond. **Editor:** Stephen Bleach. **Deputy Editor:** Robert Swift. **Sub-Editors:** Richard Guy, Lee Lestat. **Editorial Assistant:** Paula Clark. **Art Director:** Ian Midson. **Deputy Art Director:** Rod Edwards. **Advertisement Director:** James Macleod. **Chief Executive and Legal Adviser:** Carl Snitcher.
Published every four weeks by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 071 734 9191. Origination by Cymbol, London. Colour by Techniks, Berkhamstead Herts. Printed by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to any persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: MD Sharrock, 39 Rue Serpentine, 1050 Bruxelles. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by COMAG, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7OE (West Drayton 4405). Telex 8813787 COMAG G. Copyright © Paul Raymond Publications 1991.

PAGE THREE EXCLUSIVE!

DEE IVENS

It comes as no surprise that adorable Page Three girl Dee Ivens is making her first appearance for a men's magazine in *Mayfair*. For the blonde haired, blue eyed beauty from Edmonton, North London, is accustomed to the best things in life after leaving school at 17 and spending four years as a croupier at London's Ritz Casino.

Photographs by George Richardson

These days party-going Dee's late nights are spent on the dancefloor at Britain's most exclusive nightspot, Stringfellows. "I enjoy going out on the town, having a few drinks and making new friends," reveals the stunning 23-year-old whose fun-loving antics have earned her the nick-name 'Ivens the Terrible'. "But it was great to get away from it all to sunny Barbados. I adore hot days on the beach!"

Delectable Dee made the most of warm West Indian nights too when we flew her to the island paradise for this exclusive shoot. "It was the best three weeks of my life and I'd love to go back," she smiles. "Everyone was so friendly and there was no shortage of guys willing to show us the island and have a good time."

But Dee's thirst for adventure almost ended in disaster when she took time out to take up the exciting sport of jetskiing...

"There I was crashing through the waves, speeding off towards a distant island when the motor suddenly cut out and I was left stranded far from the shore. The locals had warned us about the sharks that often come in close so I was pretty worried till I spotted my Page Three pal, Katie Orgill, swimming to my rescue!"

But all's well that ends well – because when her pal had helped her back to the beach, Dee wasted no time in baring *all* her charms for our readers! "I'm not a shy girl, and I love being totally naked," smiles Dee. "Modelling for *Mayfair* seemed like the ideal opportunity to pose without a stitch on – and I'm not the sort of girl who passes up a good opportunity!" Ⓜ

WorldMagazines

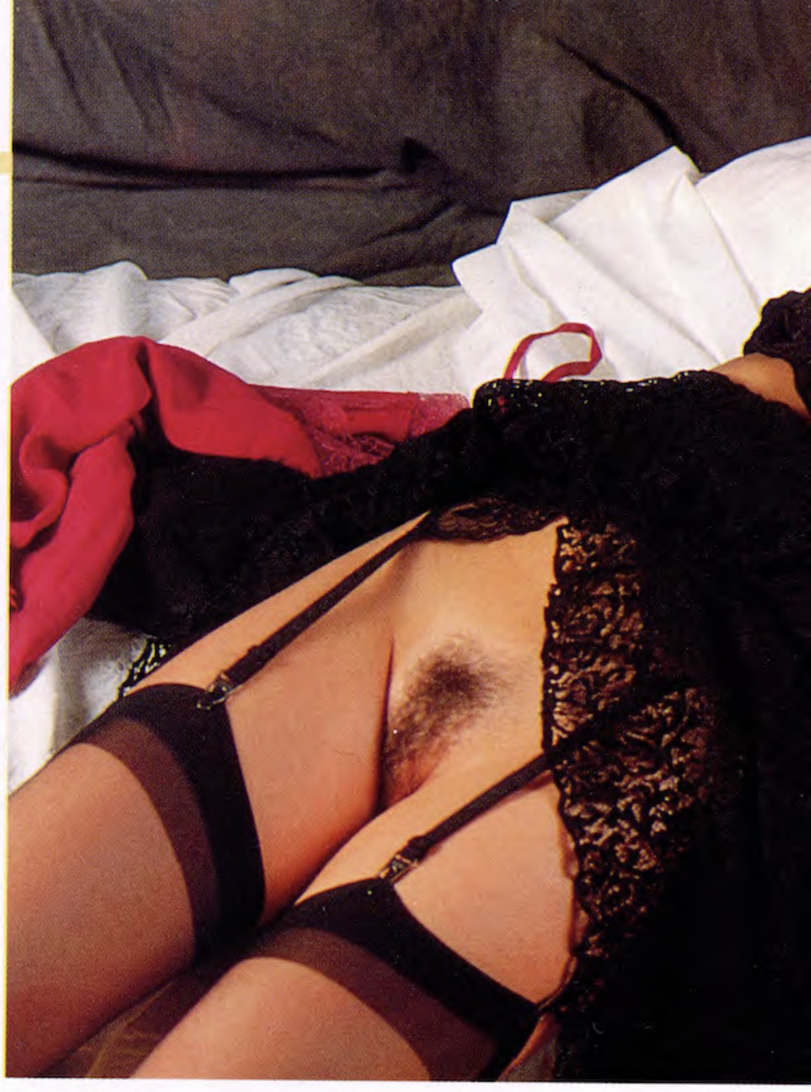
Deborah

Ipswich Football Club's sexiest fan Deborah Lee has followed her team faithfully for two years, and is often to be seen on the terraces.

"I love football," the 21-year-old confesses. "It's a very exciting game, and when I'm at a match I get totally involved. I suppose I do get stared at a bit – some blokes aren't used to seeing a girl cheering and jumping up and down when the team scores."

No ambition to play football? Deborah shakes her lovely blonde hair

Photographs by Paul Shelley



and laughs. "Oh no," she says. "It's great to watch, but it's a bit too rough and tumble for me. What I'd really like to do is be a cheerleader – that's what's missing in English football. The Americans have got it right – their cheerleaders are nearly as popular as the teams."

But till then crowd-puller Deborah, 35-23-35, is going to keep cheering on the terraces. "I think it's good to support your home team – some of the smaller ones need all the support they can get! Whether Ipswich do well or badly, I'll still be there waving my scarf!" Ⓜ

ABBEY

Photographs by Ralph Medland

"I suppose there could be worse first names, bearing in mind that my Dad is a mad Beatles fan," said Abbey Donald. "I could have been christened Eleanor Rigby or Lovely Rita." Instead the 19-year-old Liverpudlian owes her first name to her father's favourite album *Abbey Road*. "He plays it to me all the time, but I'm more of a Happy Mondays fan myself," said the bouncy blonde whose 36-23-35 figure squeezed into a tight dress is the only sight worth seeing in Bootle. And where are you most like to spot her? A record shop, of course.

Abbey works on Saturdays for a small record shop just outside the city in an effort to help raise money to support her part-time course at art college. "I'm studying fashion design but that doesn't mean I like way-out clothes," she says. "I love old fashioned lingerie. It's so much sexier than Marks and Sparks. My other passion is slinky evening dresses though I must admit that being only five foot two, they don't always suit me." Her favourite outfit is a maroon satin gown she says she has to be poured into. "But I can't wear any undies with it," she claims. "So I feel every little movement of the fabric! It makes me very rude indeed." Fab! Ⓜ

Janine

Photographs by John Patrick Burgess

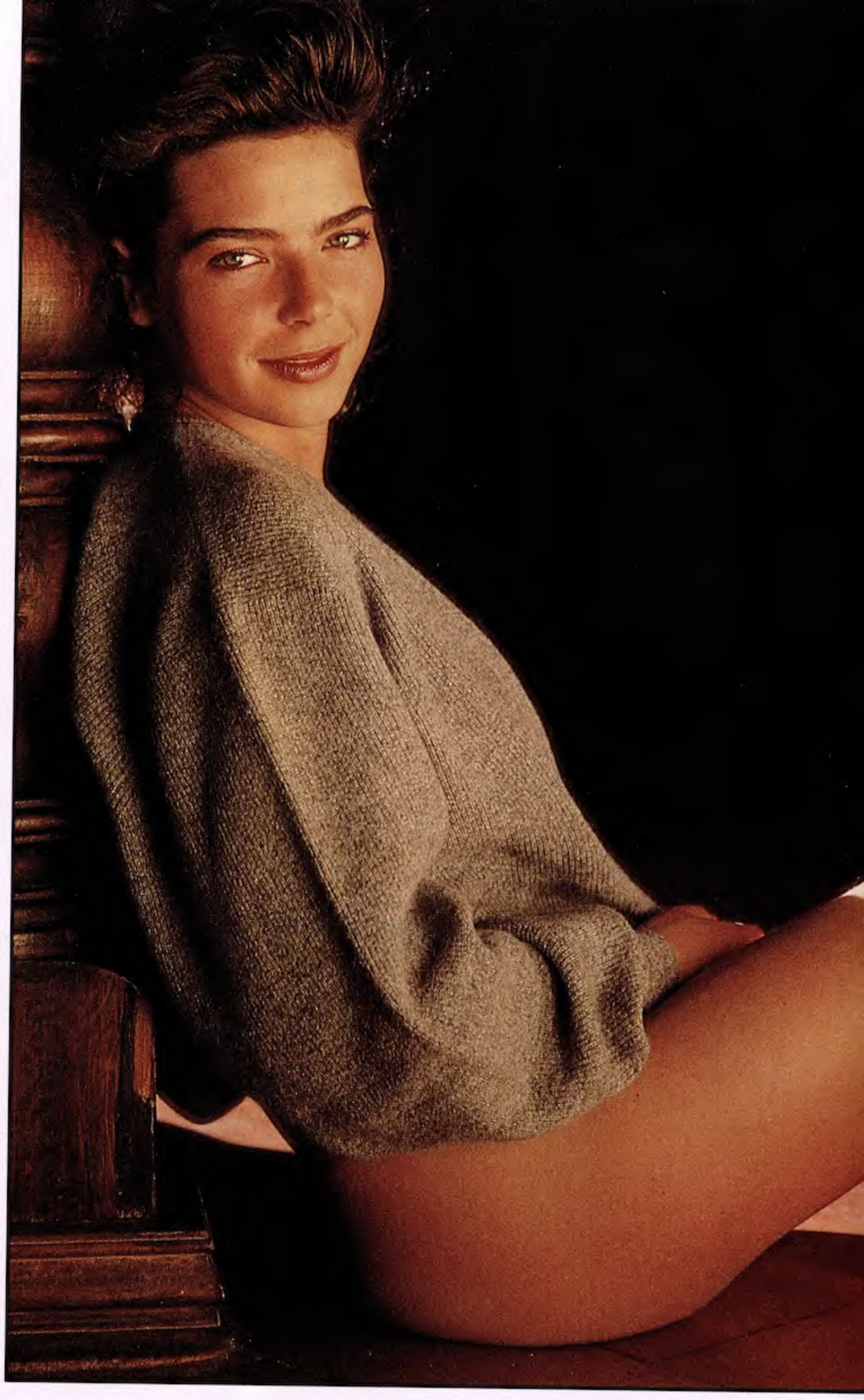
Some girls have that indefinable *je ne sais quoi* that lets you know they're something extra special. Janine Edwards has a rare combination of poise, charm and vivacity that turns heads and wins hearts the world over.

"I lived in Marseilles for a while as part of my University course," reveals the 20-year-old language student, "and I couldn't understand why my neighbours kept on calling me Joie. I must have told them, 'no, it's not Joy, it's Janine' a thousand times before they explained it was their nickname for me: '*joie de vivre*'!

"I think people get the impression I'm always having a good time because I don't take

myself too seriously," smiles the Gloucestershire-born beauty with the curvy 36-24-36 figure. "While my college friends are worrying about boyfriends and exams, I just let the future will look after itself... I'm happy to enjoy the present. I can't imagine what I'll be doing in a year's time — I never even know what tomorrow will bring!

"Right now I'm studying for a degree in modern languages: I can chat a guy up in French, Italian, Spanish and Greek. Or I would do if I was that sort of girl... generally, I'll let a man make the first move.



"A lot of my friends are engaged, or at least going steady," sighs the winsome brunette, "but that all seems so dull to me, making plans and arrangements. I hope when I fall in love, I'll be thinking about passion and romance — not mortgages and kitchen units!"

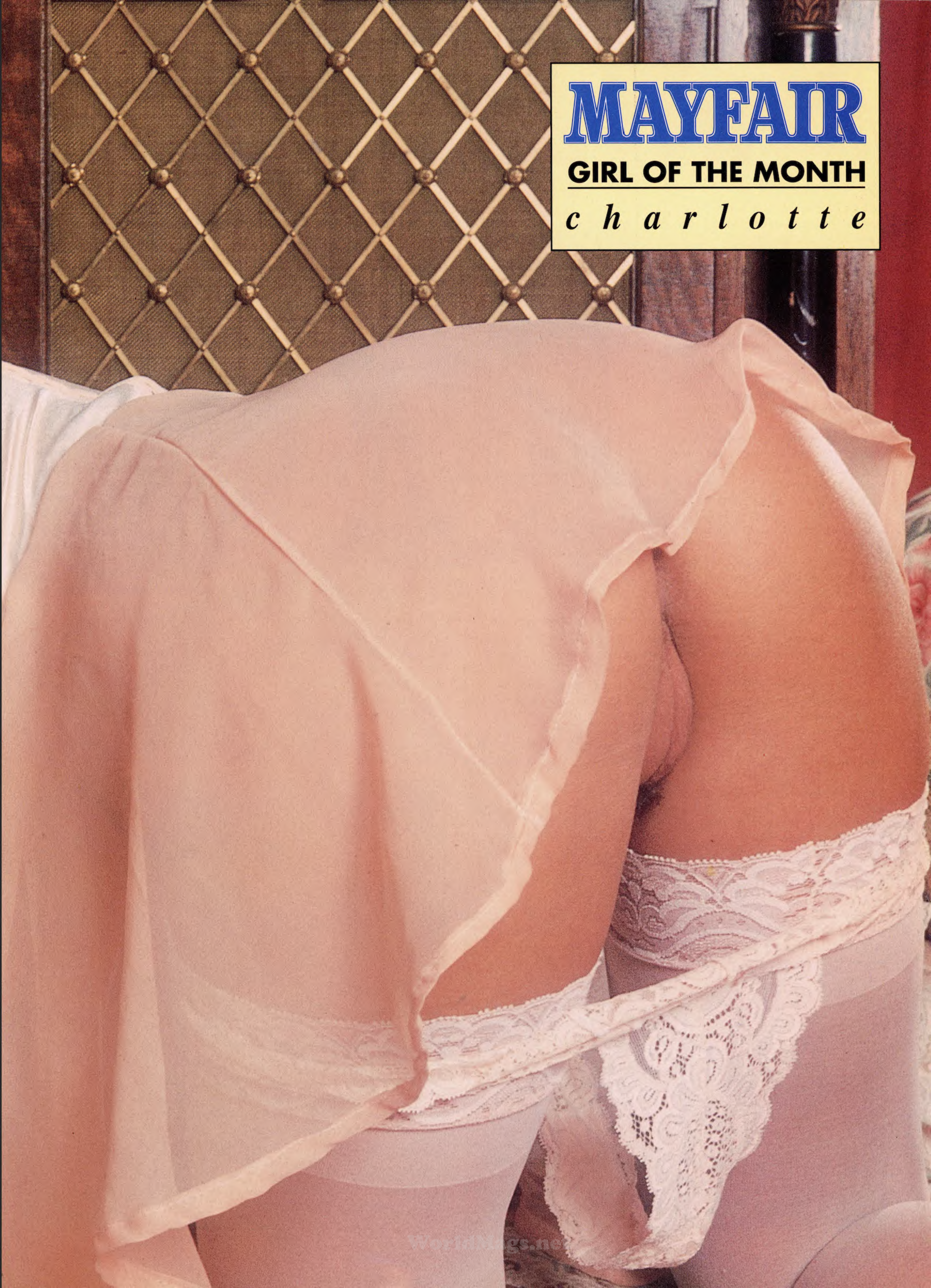
So what will Janine's dream man be like? "I haven't a clue," she giggles. "I suppose I'll know him when I see him. Until then, I'll be keeping my eyes open for possibilities — but then, that's all part of the fun for me!" Ⓜ

It is hard to believe, looking at the superbly curved 38D-24-36 form of Charlotte Bainbridge, but the 20-year-old reckons her greatest asset is something our photographer was unable to capture on film: her voice. However, if you speak to her, you may have to admit that she has a point. Charlotte's voice oozes down the phone like warm honey. No wonder, the printing company she works for in Surrey insists she's the first person to talk to new clients. "Hmm, I do seem to have helped business improve a bit," she says in a soft purr. "It must be my love of flirting."

***Photographs* by Jack Harrison**

charlotte

"I never have been able to resist chatting up a nice-sounding guy on the phone," Charlotte reveals. "The trouble is that they are often so disappointing in the flesh." You couldn't say that about Caterham-born Charlotte, who ever since her 16th birthday has had difficulties finding bras that fit. "I was teased about my tits mercilessly at school," she recalls. "I even tried taping them down. Then I discovered how much men liked big boobs. Now I'm afraid I positively flaunt them with tight tops, low cut dresses, the lot." That could be another reason why Charlotte's bosses think so highly of her!



MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

charlotte

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

charlotte

EMMA

When gorgeous Emma Nixon isn't treating adoring fans to a glimpse of her own well-tuned body, she's pampering other people's. The 19-year-old recently completed a massage course in her home town of Nottingham.

"Since I tried it out on a few friends, word's got around – and now whenever my friends are feeling low, they come to me for a rub-down!"

Photographs by Geoff Howes

©OldMags.net

But of course the drawback is that sensuous Emma, 38D-24-36, doesn't have anyone to give *her* a massage.

"Sometimes when I get home after a hard day, there's nothing I'd like more than a glass of wine and someone to stroke away all those aches and pains," she sighs. "So I've persuaded my boyfriend to take some lessons—from me of course!"

Heavenly Twins

If your idea of a heavenly body is a bubbly brunette with a perfect bottom, then just imagine the fun you could have with two of them. No, you're not seeing double, 22-year-old Samantha and Justine King are twins!

Born under the star sign of Libra on 10th October 1968, the sparkling sisters don't only share their fabulous looks and slender 34-24-35 vital statistics.

Photographs by Jon Bernard

"We both share the same interests," Samantha told us flashing a knowing smile to her lovely twin, "and we both like going to clubs, dancing and chatting to guys. There's a special bond between us — we share everything."

"Well, *almost* everything!" giggles Justine, tossing back her shining hair flirtatiously. "We do tend to like the same men, which could get a bit confusing for them, never mind us. So we have decided that sharing boyfriends is definitely out. They usually have to choose between us, though we have been known to double date in the past."

Sounds like double trouble — but twice as nice.

samantha

Samantha Bridges might not look like your idea of a typical entrepreneur, but don't be deceived: this self-employed systems analyst is all set to make Alan Sugar and Richard Branson look like small beer.

"Most people might find my work dull, but I love it and I'm determined

Photographs by
Ralph Medland

to do well," says 24-year-old Samantha with a smile. "Mind you, it is a bit nerve-wracking knowing you're your own boss: when things go wrong there's only yourself to blame! That's probably why I like to have a quiet and secure home life. My boyfriend's very supportive, and after a tough day at work it's nice to curl up and have him stroke me for a whole evening when I get home."

So why pose for *Mayfair*? "Two reasons, really," says Samantha, who measures 34C-23-35. "In one way, I want to show the world that we career girls aren't as hard as we're often made out to be. People

should appreciate that we can be sexy and sensitive as well as successful."

And the other reason? "Well, that's more personal: it turns me on! I've been getting *Mayfair* for years now. The women always look beautiful, and I've often thought how I'd like to be seen in that way. Then it occured to me that I've made it in my business life by getting off my bottom and going for it — why shouldn't I do the same in my personal life? So I picked up the phone, called the Editor — and now here I am!

"I've enjoyed it all so much I'd love to do it again, so, I've got a message for the readers: if you like me, write in and say you'd like me to model again. You don't get anything you want in life if you don't ask!"

MAIL
LETTERS
ER

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Three cheers

Mayfair is one of the best men's magazines around. The photosets have always been of a very high standard featuring exquisite girls in tasteful poses, and I'm glad to see this high standard is being maintained in the new-look format.

The photosets of Katie Orgill and Kirsten Imrie, along with the recent set of Donna Ewin, demonstrate that the best place to see great shots of Britain's top glamour girls has to be *Mayfair*! I hope this will continue in future issues.

GJ, London

Adorable Laura

All hail, Laura! Seeing this lady's toned and curvy body on the centrespread of *Mayfair* Vol 26 No 5 made my day. Since seeing her, I've spent many a pleasurable hour contemplating the sweet music we could make together.

DP, Gloucester

That's enough, DP, we make the bad puns round here – The Editor.

Raunchy receptionist

I'm a 30-year-old sales rep and I never seemed to have much luck with girls until a very pleasant change of luck recently.

One of my customers employed a new receptionist in January, a gorgeous 20-year-old brunette named Karen. She possessed not only a superb hour-glass figure but also a taste for tight and short clothes which showed it off to perfection. I found her very friendly and when she told me she'd split from her boyfriend I asked her out for a drink and to my surprise she accepted.

She shared a flat about ten miles from my home but I saw no sign of her flat-mate when I arrived. "Oh, Susan's out tonight," explained Karen, who looked really sensational. She wore a clinging black lycra mini-dress with black tights and heels and it fitted her like a second skin. I could see no sign of underwear. The dress displayed her firm, curvaceous body and shapely legs to stunning effect, and I was really knocked out.

At her suggestion we went to the cinema, but as soon as the lights went down it was clear that watching the film was not on the agenda. Amazingly, she began to stroke my leg and soon we were kissing fiercely, our tongues mingling, and I rapidly developed a raging hard-on. In a Chinese restaurant later she kept up the teasing, telling me that her boyfriend had been her only lover, but his performance was poor and she wanted a more experienced man.

No doubt it was her superb body which gave her such confidence, and back at her flat I quickly saw that it was justified. Once in her bedroom, she boldly pulled off her dress and tights and reclined on the bed in just a tiny black G-string. Her breasts were magnificent: full, firm and ripe, with small pink nipples. Her stomach was flat and her buttocks rounded. Quickly undressing, I joined her on the bed, cupping and caressing her superb boobs, rolling and tweaking her hardening nipples before licking and sucking them, while my hands dispatched her thong to her ankles.

She grasped my big cock eagerly, and seemed delighted by my subsequent suggestion of a bit of 'soixante-neuf', turning eagerly.

While Karen sucked noisily and enthusiastically on my cock, I gave her pussy a fierce tonguing, enjoying the taste of her flowing juices. I slipped my tongue deep in her honeypot and

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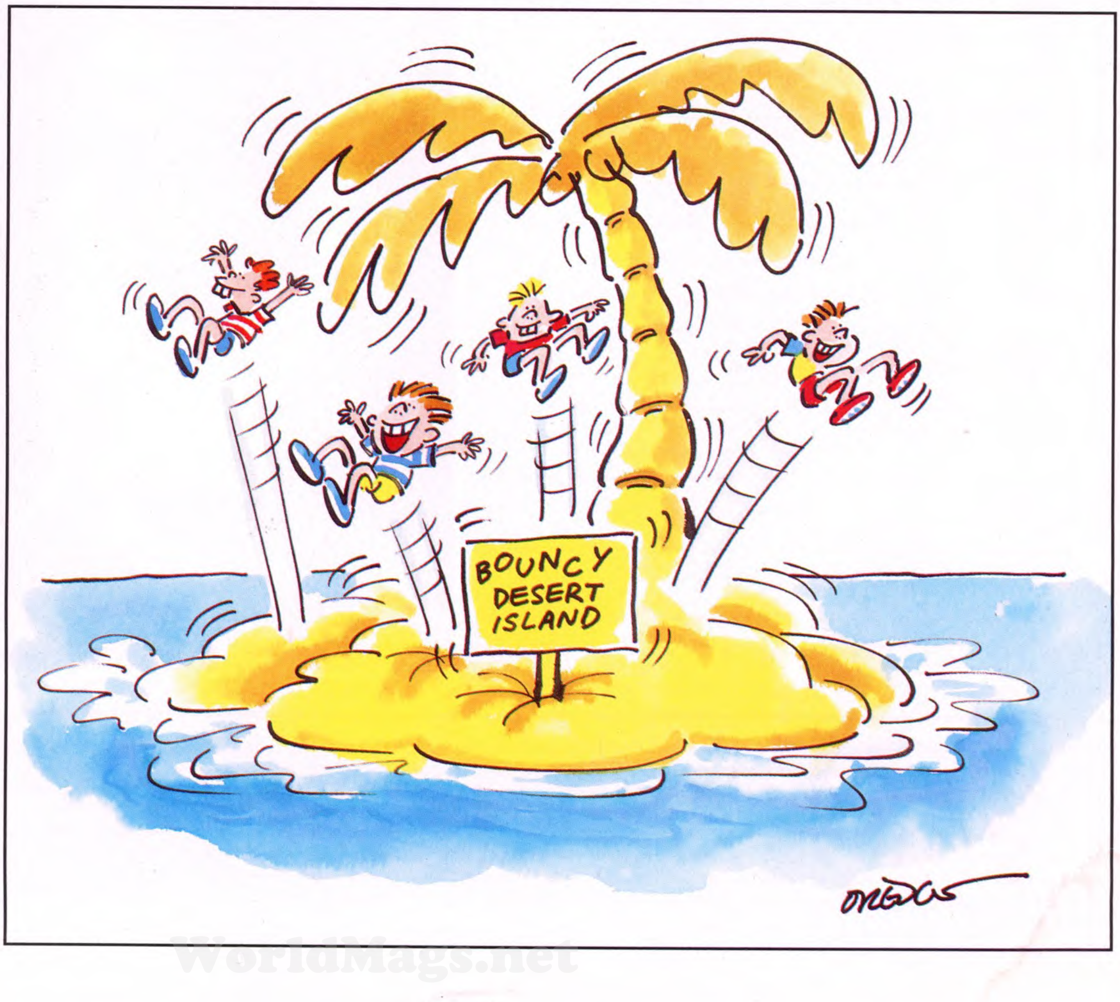


LETTERS
MAIL
ER

Continued from page 4

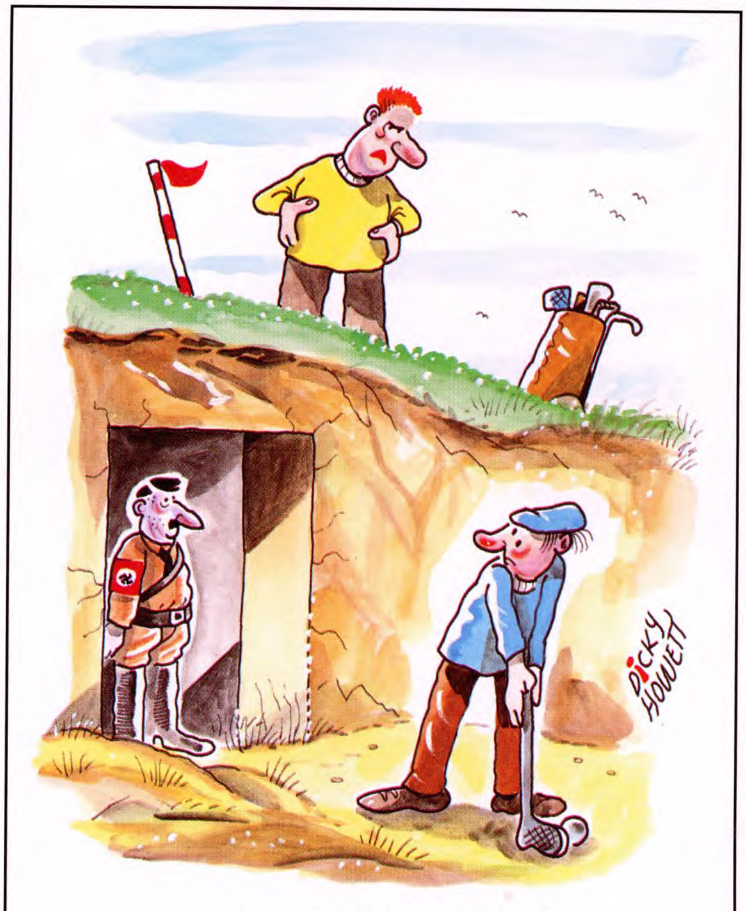
as I sucked and nibbled her swollen bud she began to moan and begged me to make love to her.

In no time I was sitting up against the headboard with Karen kneeling astride me, guiding my cock into her. With a squeal of delight she began to ride me energetically. Her wet pussy enfolded me tightly and as she rode me I unashamedly enjoyed her beautiful body, running my hands everywhere, cupping her bouncing breasts, pinching her nipples and stroking her shoulders, back and slim thighs.

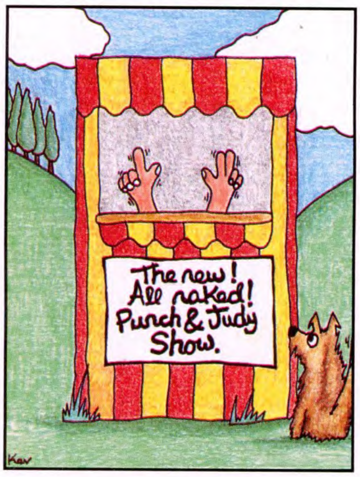
She was riding me furiously, her moans filled the room and I knew she was coming. I pulled her hard onto my cock and began to thrust upwards into her. Her eyes closed and her face contorted in pleasure as she climaxed, spasms gripping her body for several seconds.

Now rampant, I eased her onto all fours and thrust into her from behind. She gave a squeal of pleasure as I reached underneath to squeeze her boobs, and it wasn't long before she climaxed again; and as her pussy clamped on my cock I exploded deep inside her.

We were ecstatic at the success of our lovemaking, and, but for Susan's imminent return to the flat, I would have stayed for more that night. However, Karen and I have barely been able to keep our hands off each other since and the sex gets better and better. My saucy new girlfriend has even suggested a threesome with Susan for my birthday – I'll let you know if I get lucky!
NP, Middlesex



Aren't you out of that bunker yet?!


The new! All naked! Punch & Judy Show.
Kev

Request granted

The reason I have bought *Mayfair* for several years now is because it presents the beauty of a naked woman in a tasteful form and I like that. A magazine which can show respect for a woman and at the same time provide pleasure is a rare commodity. Vol 26 No 5 was the best of a good lot, and I always keep an eye out for Joanie Allum's work.

Just one suggestion — I'd love to see a sequence where the girl starts fully clothed and then undresses, step by step.
DR, Berks

Well, you're in luck, DR. Turn to page 92 of this issue where you'll see gorgeous Samantha doing just that! – The Editor.

Lesbian quest

After reading your Quest Vol 26 No 6 on older or younger partners, I'd like to tell you about my experience – but please change my name and address, as I haven't got round to telling my husband yet!

I work for a small magazine company in London, and my boss is Jenny, a very charismatic woman of about 35. I'm 24 years old.

From my first day, I was terrified of her. Although she was very attractive and feminine, she was also very efficient and imposing, and had no qualms at all about losing her temper, or sacking people if it came to it. Now unfortunately, I messed up a very important contract, and I was summoned to the office, for what I thought would be my dismissal.

I went in, white as a sheet and shaking. She didn't say anything as I entered, only looked at me with her striking brown eyes. She told me to sit down, which I did gratefully, as my legs were nearly giving way.

She got up and came round to my side of the desk. I wondered if she was going to an important meeting or something that day because she looked stunning. She wore a smart navy suit which shaped itself round her firm body, and her auburn hair was falling over her shoulders. She sat on the desk next to me, and though I tried not to look, I could see her stockings and just the very edge of her lacy stocking tops beneath her skirt.

"Normally I would have to sack you for this, Stacey," she told me, in her soft voice. "But I can't... mainly for very unprofessional reasons." When I stared at her blankly she continued, "I find you extremely attractive." And with that, she stood in front of me and began to undo her suit top.

I was very shocked, as I'm happily married, and though I find women attractive, I've never had an affair with one. But the sight of this beautiful woman stripping in front of me sent a thrill through my body.

Under her blouse she wore a white lacy bra, from which her gorgeous creamy breasts threatened to burst out. I could see her nipples poking up hard, and I couldn't take my eyes off her as she loosened her skirt and let it fall to the floor, revealing black stockings, suspenders and a tiny white thong, barely covering her dark curly pubic hairs.

After that it all seemed to happen very quickly. She locked the door and walked back towards me on her high black heels. She got on her knees and undid my blouse, running her hands over my shoulders and breasts. She licked my nipples through my bra and they stood up eagerly. She was very expert – even better than my husband – and seemed instinctively to know exactly what would turn me on. I shivered as she released my boobs

Continued on page 98

Nicole fan

My favourite magazine – and what have you done? Why oh why did you banish Nicole from Vol 26 No 3 to the backwaters of page 38? She should have appeared on the cover, centre page, back page, and, for that matter, every other page.

Never, in the history of *Mayfair*, have there been such perfect eyes, hair, face, figure — no, I will not continue, but all those as well! And, it seems, a lovely sense of humour. Since she likes cucumbers, I have planted fourteen rows in my garden, but they are now called 'Nicoles'. May I suggest you launch a new magazine called *Nicolefair*?

In short, more please, *Mayfair*!
PT, Spain

MAIL
LETTERS

Continued from page 52

and began to suck on them, sending shivers to my pussy.

As one hand cupped and caressed my breasts, the other worked its way up my skirt, sliding along my thighs to my panties. She moaned as she felt the juice seeping through the gusset onto her fingers. She pressed me through the material and I writhed against her hand, wriggling my pussy mound against her palm. I began to get a flush across my boobs and neck as she pulled my panties down, her fingers exploring my pubic hairs and plump love lips, before working their way into my wet pussy.

The pleasure was so intense that I forgot myself. I put my arms round her head and pressed her face against me. In a second she had my skirt off and was burying her lips in my pubes. She looked up at me and smiled, her lips glistening with my juice, telling me how good I tasted; then she teased her tongue around my love-bud again.

I climaxed time and time again as Jenny ran her tongue round and round my clit, plunging deep into my pussy every few seconds. I had to muffle a scream so that her secretary outside wouldn't hear.

I kept my job, but Jenny transferred me to another department so that no one would suspect our passionate affair. I've never had sex like it, but I'm struggling to find a way to include my husband. Have any other May*fair* readers got suggestions?

SM, Newcastle

Country fun

It's summer again, as the Editor pointed out in Vol 26 No 6, and not only does that mean lots of photos of girls out in the open air – it means it's time to start making love in the great outdoors too!

My husband and I are definite outdoors fetishists and if the British weather looks like it's going to spoil our countryside play then we book a holiday abroad! But nothing quite beats a beautiful English meadow, a tasty picnic with a bottle of wine and some sexy goings on.

But you've got to be careful, as Richard and I found out last summer. We drove out one hot Sunday to our favourite spot up in the Cotswolds. It's taken us years to find it – it's a little wood in the middle of nowhere, which means we can get on with our frolics without being disturbed.

We'd eaten the sandwiches and sipped all the wine, which meant it was time for only one thing. As he leant back pretending to read the newspaper, Richard slipped his hand under my sundress and began fondling my pussy gently. I was one step ahead, and wasn't wearing any knickers, and it wasn't long before I started juicing up and my hips began to move against his hand.

He threw the paper to one side and pushed my sundress up, revealing my lightly tanned body, with its full breasts and dark triangle of pubic hair. Richard loves my boobs and he sat astride me, kissing and sucking my nipples. I undid his flies and his cock strained out at me. He leaned forward and placed it between my boobs, gently moving it back and forth. His cock was hot and pulsing against my skin as he kneaded and squeezed my boobs around his shaft.

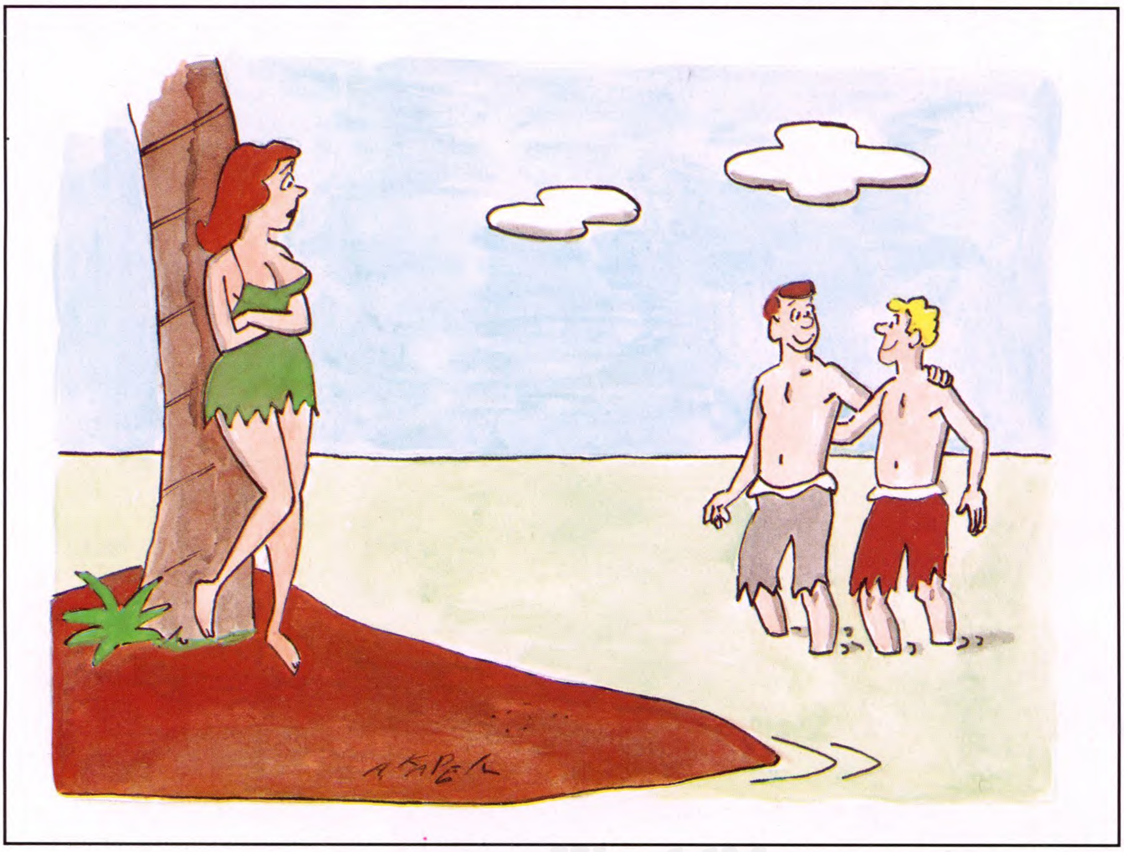
I ran my hands over his chest and body, grasping at his firm buttocks. Then I rolled away from him and knelt in front, sinking his cock into my mouth.

Richard gave a moan of pleasure as I wrapped my lips around his thick shaft and began to move up and down on him. He ran his fingers through my hair, and as I sucked, I slipped a hand between my legs and stroked my lovelips and my hard bud.

It wasn't long before I was engulfed by a wonderful orgasm, and Richard came in my mouth. But just then, we heard a rustle in the trees opposite. We quickly pulled apart and hastily got into our clothes. No sooner were we sitting normally polishing off the last of the fruit cake when another slightly dishevelled couple emerged from the woods.

It seems the start of summer gets everyone at it! But we're searching for a new deserted setting for our adventures!

KG, Nottingham



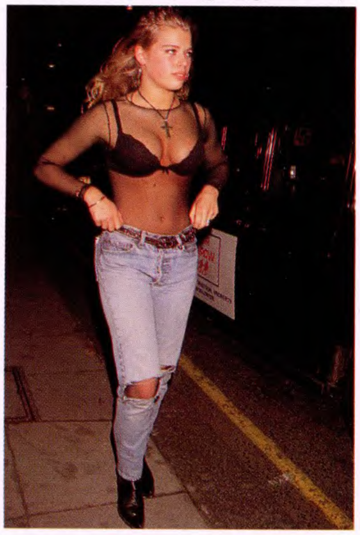
Belle Helene

Where does *Mayfair* find all these beautiful women? I was enthralled by the crop of summery sexpots in Vol 26 No 6 – I really think you have excelled yourselves this time. But most exotic of the lot was reclusive Helene (above) – how I'd love to share a country retreat with her! What a beautiful smile, beautiful hair and beautiful body! But there's more than that, she has that wonderful, how do you say — *je ne sais quoi*?.

FD, Glasgow Ⓜ

SCENE

On the Scene this issue: Tony Price assesses Britain's Jaguar challenge at Le Mans (opposite), Bob Holmes predicts a pummelling for the England Test team (page 18), our favourite supermodels get sexy at the world's most exclusive fashion shows (page 19), the shape of cars to come (page 28) and the books, CDs and movies that matter. Plus – Jonathon Woss's twousers?!?



glamour

A WOMAN'S TOUCH

WE'RE lucky enough at *Mayfair* to have one of the world's most sought-after glamour photographers on the team: someone with an eye for a lovely girl, technical ability second to none, and the imagination to bring both together to produce stunning, sensuous images. And on top of that, she's one of the loveliest ladies we know.

Regular readers will know that we're referring to Joanie Allum, whose work has been featured in *Mayfair* for six years. Joanie in fact started out as a glamour model herself: she's the perfect example of a lady who moved from one end of the camera to the other with style and success.

Joanie has photographed some of the world's most beautiful and exotic women – but she confesses that her very favourite subject is a charming, friendly, real girl. "The most rewarding part of my work is taking a pretty, modest lady, who never realised how lovely she was, and making her beautiful," she says. "Unattainable, fashion-type models are fine in their way, but for me the satisfaction has always been in taking a woman who is real and living, and bringing out the sensual side of her nature in an artistic way."

We know there must be plenty more lovely girls out there who would enjoy the Joanie Allum treatment. Applying is simple: any interested ladies should write to Joanie at this address, enclosing a few recent photos – nude, or in a bikini if you're shy at first! "The quality of the snaps doesn't matter too much at this stage," says Joanie. "They're just to give me an idea – so full length, standing up, from a few different angles is best. The next step is a test shoot, and if all goes well I'll start shooting away for a full set in *Mayfair*!"

So girls, if you've ever wondered how those beauties make it into our pages – now you know. And if you think it could be fun for you too, why not give it a try? Just write to Joanie Allum, *Mayfair*, 2, Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. And she could make you as stunning as the ladies you see here...

gizmos

E-Z LISTENING

GOOD ideas can always be improved upon — the Z range of CDs from Philips incorporates new (and, for once, useful) features while still staying sleek and (relatively) cheap. Mid-range is the *Z4* costing £239.99, with introscan and shuffle facilities, which allow you to listen to the first ten seconds of every track and also play a continuous random selection. At last you can spot the tune that sets your teeth on edge in time and entertain without having to leap up and change the album.

Top of the range is the *Z9* (£299.99) with a list of features to make your head reel, including PLL Quartz digital tuner, digital clock, 100W output and 24 pre-sets. Both the *Z4* and the *Z9* incorporate the Philips Turbo Bass Generator which creates unrivalled bass power through a specially shaped 'labyrinth' speaker enclosure. Good buys for the serious CD enthusiast.

STYLE conscious telly-watchers are now catered for by the Philips *Discoverer*, a 14" colour portable TV which stares at you from inside a space-age helmet — complete with detachable visor. If you're not easily made paranoid, you'll appreciate the *Discoverer*'s other features: remote control, 40 pre-selections and sleeptimer, as well as an on-screen display for programme number, volume and brightness. For £249.99 you can interact with one at major electrical retailers.

mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

'People think I'm this sexpot when actually I'm very mild mannered. As Jessica Rabbit says, "I'm not bad, I'm just drawn this way."' — Sexpot porn queen turned serious actress Traci Lords.

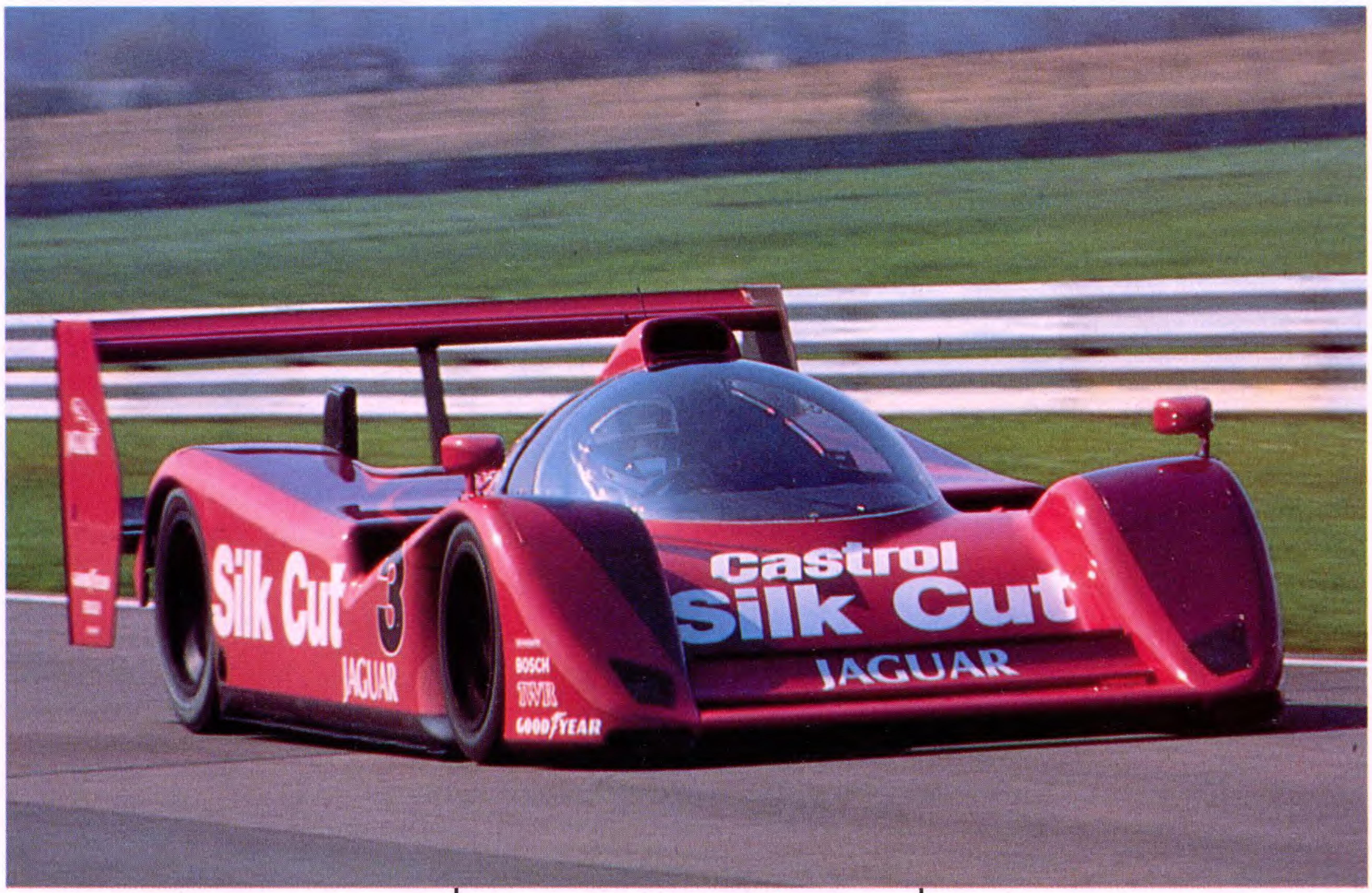
'What do I do if I've had a hard day on set? Naturally I go home and kick the children.' — Jessica Lange on being a working mother.

'I guess I'm not very good with money.' — Mike Tyson after finding out he's only got $5 million left out of his $50 million fortune.

'I'd love to have smaller boobs. I'm fed up with being branded a bimbo.' — Maria Whittaker whose tits aren't getting any smaller.

motoring

BIG CATS ROAR



WIMBLEDON and Le Mans don't seem to have a lot in common at first sight. The balls you need for Le Mans are of a wholly different variety, for a start. But in fact Le Mans enjoys a place in French life not dissimilar to that occupied by Wimbledon over here: the French own the competition, organise it, and love it — but they never win it. Just like we never win Wimbledon.

Le Mans is the world's oldest and most famous endurance race — and it's simply the best, too. There are other 24 hour races (there's even one for Citroen 2CVs), but none — not even Daytona — captures the excitement, the glamour and sheer class of the 24 Heures du Mans. Its reputation and heritage have enabled it to survive all controversy — even such a disaster as the world's worst motor racing accident in the mid-'50s, when Pierre Levagh's Mercedes 300SLR ploughed into the crowd and killed more than 80 spectators.

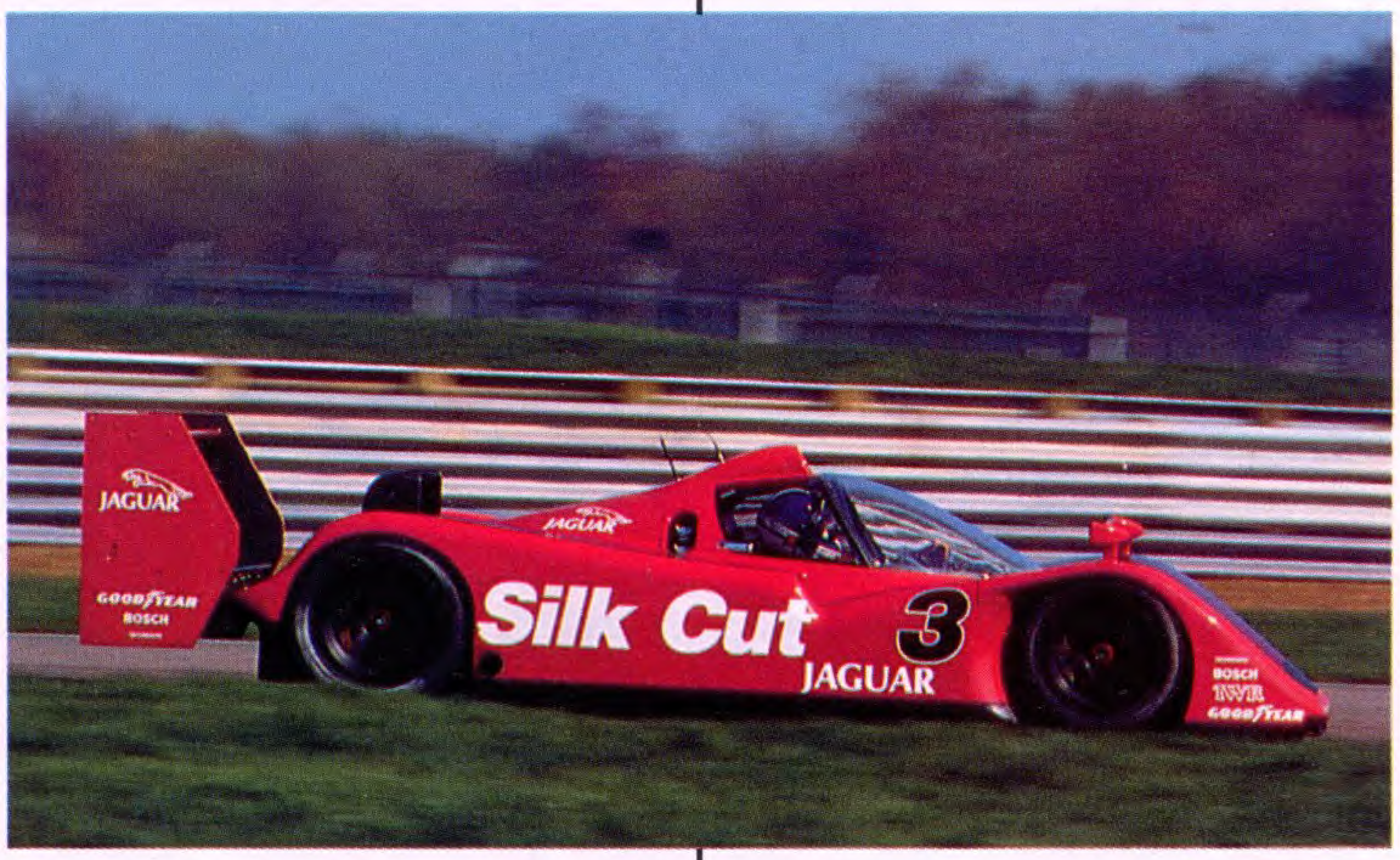
Despite the withdrawal of both Ferrari and the works Porsche team it remains the race everyone wants to win — and watch. Each year 50,000 Brits cross the Channel to be there, something they don't otherwise do even for Formula 1.

Mind you, this might have something to do with the fact that it's the British Silk Cut Jaguars that keep winning. True, the Silver Arrows, Mercedes' stonking C-class cars tend to take the World Sportscar Championship, but while the Jags keep their stranglehold on the Le Mans stage nobody cares too much. In short, Mercedes get the crown, but Britain gets the crown jewels.

This year's World Sportscar Championship starts and finishes in Japan, but takes in eight races throughout Britain, Europe and America on the way: Le Mans, Silverstone, Monza and the Nurburgring are all included. Jaguar are using two cars for this year's assault: the tried and tested V12 will make the attempt at an eighth win at Le Mans, while their new challenger for the other rounds is the XJR-14 — not to be confused with the comparatively modest £500,000 XJR-15, let alone the XJR roadcars. No, the XJR-14 is the ultimate balls-out Sportscar: in effect, a Formula 1 car with two seats instead of one.

Fittingly, the new model starts the season with a brand new 3.5 litre V8 engine. Downsized in line with new regulations, the lightweight unit was developed for Jaguar by tuning wizards Cosworth.

The competition will be fierce, though. Not only Mercedes Benz but also sundry Porsche privateers, Peugeot and of course the heavily-funded Japanese entries will be vying for supremacy.



Jaguar's drivers for the season are F1 men Martin Brundle, Derek Warwick and Teo Fabi, along with John Neilsen. Neilsen is the only Dane ever to win a World Championship race — and not a lot of people know that (outside Denmark, at least).

Once again the power behind the Jaguar throne is Tom Walkinshaw, the man who persuaded Jaguar back into world class racing. His expertise took them to a World Championship win in '87, and again in '88 when Brundle also won the driver's title.

When describing the XJR-14 the appropriately named Ross Brawn, TWR's technical director, makes no bones about the car. "Virtually everything has been redesigned. In fact the only components carried over from last year are the wheelnuts. Our new car is a Formula 1-derived design. Externally it looks like a Sportscar and it conforms to the defined dimensions, but take the bodywork off and it is pure F1."

Given the restraints on bodywork imposed by series scrutineers, underbody aerodynamics and wing design are critical. Hundreds of hours of windtunnel work have resulted in a huge rear wing, and the underbody features ground-effect venturi channels to the rear.

Like the new monocoque chassis, the six-speed gearbox follows F1 practice with a central gearchange. An AP racing clutch gets the job of transmitting the considerable power of the normally aspirated V8. The whole assembly is designed purely for speed and pitlane accessibility.

Early testing has shown the XJR-14 to be a potential winner. On paper it stacks up well against the Merc in power and performance. And on the track? Well, in the opening race of the season at Suzuka, Mercedes crossed the line ahead of the Jaguar, but it's early days. If our boys don't take the chequered flag in France, we'll know the reason why.— *Tony Price*

sport

STICKY WICKETS

THERE was a time when the first sound of a new cricket season was the good, honest thwack of leather on willow. This month, as yet another Test series creeps out from under the covers, it is more likely to be the crunch of leather on carbon fibre, or whatever they make helmets out of these days.

The West Indies are here again, and after the Blackwash of 1984 and the 4-0 drubbing (with one honourable draw) in 1988, our boys will no doubt be looking to wipe away those painful memories — and trouser stains. A 3-0 duffing and two draws maybe. A 2-0 duffing and three draws? No, come off it — that's the stuff of knighthoods.

But we are improving. At least we thought we were before this winter's mauling by the XXXX brigade Down Under. In the Caribbean the previous winter, we might even have won the series but for an untimely breaking of Graham Gooch's hand and Desmond Haynes's links with sportsmanship.

And those who give England no chance at all should remember that on the last tour here most of the damage was done not by Curtly Ambrose, Malcolm Marshall and Co. but by a Leicestershire barmaid, whom skipper Mike Gatting found a damn sight easier to pull.

Under then chairman of selectors Peter May, Gatt was summarily dismissed for the dastardly deed of inviting "female company" into his room. (Even the old buffers in the Long Room thought it was ridiculous — and they'd seen some rum insertions in their time.) The first Test had been comfortably drawn and England, under Gatt, a stout bulldog of a skipper, were beginning to feel they could hack it against the Whirlwind Windies. Gatt never scored for his country again after that and as for May, well he certainly wasn't thinking of England.

But May has gone and Lord Ted is now ensconced on his motorbike, with a new dynamic regime designed to bring back former glories. You know, those days when Trueman and Statham would tear the opposition apart and the likes of May (oh, all right, he could bat), Cowdrey and Barrington regarded a middle-order collapse as losing a wicket between lunch and tea.

The promise was simple: through organisation, attention to detail and good old-fashioned hard work, a dynamic and exciting team of young Brits would emerge. Mr Dexter duly sent scouts around the regions. Ted even roared up and down the country himself. Fast bowling schemes were concocted, the virtues of playing straight were taught and Geoff Boycott was drafted in. Fitness and fielding were emphasized, and spinners were sought in inner cities.

Our boys hammer the bowling. Above: Allan Lamb sweeps past Australia's Ian Healy. Left: Graham Gooch parries a bouncer. Below right: Graeme Hick strikes for Worcestershire

So what actually happened to the team in this new golden age? Derek Pringle injured his back writing a letter and we have recruited a Zimbabwean.

It's hardly what we were led to expect, but recruiting foreigners might yet be our best bet. After all, two of our best batsmen are South Africans — something in the boerwurst or Cape oranges, perhaps? The only problem there is, the blighters will be playing *against* us soon enough...

Our Zimbabwean, though, has nothing of the Zola Budd about him. Graeme Hick has just completed a seven-year qualification period and no one can complain about that. (Except possibly the New Zealanders, who offered him instant citizenship to play for them. Word has it that he called up one afternoon intending to accept the offer — but New Zealand was closed.)

Even with Hick, Gooch, Smith, Lamb and a few wafts from Gower, you would not put your mortgage on our chances of winning against an admittedly ageing Windies side. It will be King Viv's Test farewell and, while the pace attack does not quite have the laser accuracy of previous vintages, they are still nifty, can bat and will probably give us, if not a Blackwash, some brown trousers.

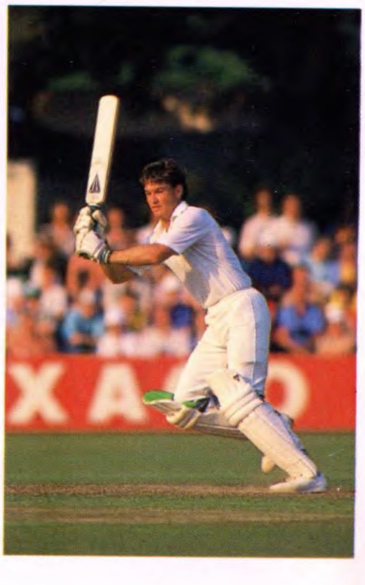
So is there nothing we can do? Yes plenty, actually. At Lords we could make out that the Compton and Edrich stands are still not completed — and that the members are refusing to stage another Test on a building site.

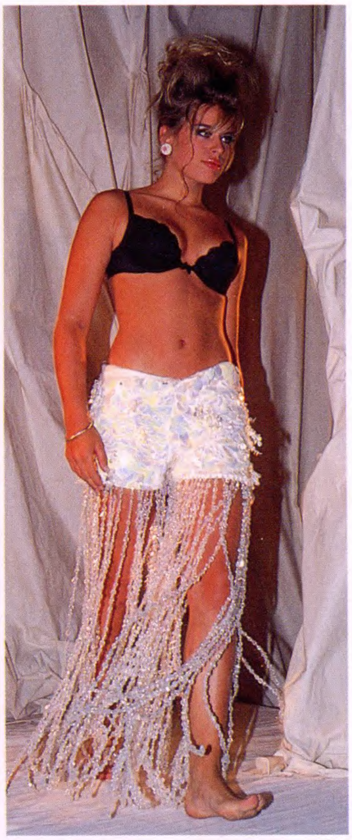
Phew, that's one Test saved. At Trent Bridge, where Sir Neville Cardus used to say the score was always 320 for 2, wickets have deteriorated and we could pretend drastic attention is needed during the match. The groundsman could bring out one of Sir Richard Hadlee's green tops when the Windies bat, and revert to the traditional pudding for us, which could all be explained by the greenhouse effect. Then we might get a draw.

At the Oval, the Gasometer could spring a leak, or a dazed-looking John Major could keep walking in front of the sightscreen — as he did in his youth. And, instead of Old Trafford, we could stage one Test on the Kent Cliffs — and get David Icke in the commentary box.

Other tactics could be to slow the over-rate to three per hour by having regular chocolate cake intervals. Brian Johnston and Henry Blofeld would take the field in a double-decker bus and release a convoy of pigeons. When a couple of wickets fell, we might have to resort to David Gower's aerobatics over the ground. And, of course, we must bring back Botham.

Anything else? Nope. No sporting journalist likes to give hostages to fortune, but this writer feels no hesitation in saying that England are as likely to take this series as a certain Mr S Hussain is to invade the USA. We have perfected the mid-innings collapse to the level of an art form, and Viv Richards and his cohorts will gleefully take full advantage. Sadly, whenever we tune in this summer, the score is always likely to be — with apologies to Sir Neville — something like 87 for 8. And England will be batting. — *Bob Holmes*

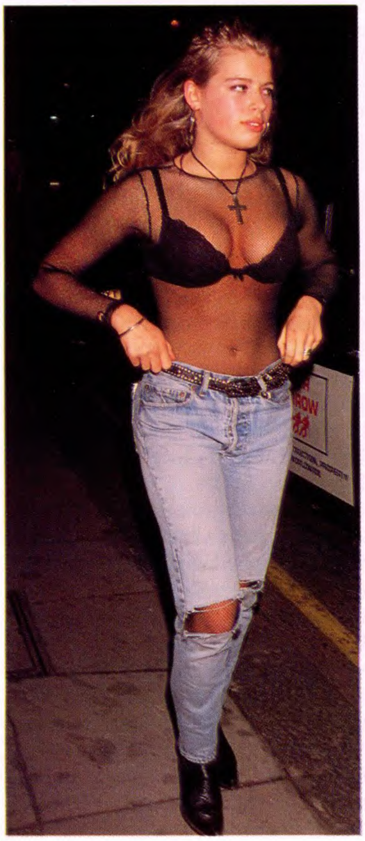




HOT COUTURE

GORGEOUS women and sexy clothes are always in fashion, but sadly the two don't always come together! However, in the naughty 90s the world's most adventurous designers have kissed goodbye to coy costumes and let sex loose on the catwalk. High fashion meets pure passion, creating a range of outrageous outfits that are tailor made to shock!

Who better to show off the slinkiest in hot couture than the world's sexiest models? Top names like Denice Lewis (left and below), Amanda de Cadanet (below left and top right) and Paula Hamilton (above centre) are proud to parade in the highly erotic designs. The *Flash* camera was quick to capture these sensational shots of the toned female form barely wrapped in designs that catch more than your eye!



excess

SKY FLIERS

WHY BOTHER with a BMW when you can get a helicopter for the same price? In the United States stylish men with the equivalent of £67,750 to splash out on personal transport are buying the Robinson R22 personal helicopter — a success likely to be repeated on this side of the Pond.

But before you can whizz your prized chopper through the air you must have at least 40 hours of training — and at £185 per hour, you're not going to see much change out of £8,000. However the selling price does include a CAA Certificate of Airworthiness (for the uninitiated that's a promise that you won't fall out of the sky — well not for three years anyway).

In addition, as helicopters go it's incredibly cheap to run at just over £40 an hour so it's easy to see why the Robinson is the world's best selling civil helicopter.

A popular first step with people who want to know more about flying the R22 is a starter lesson at Sloane Helicopters in Northampton, which costs £95. This includes a detailed pre-briefing before you even touch the joystick, followed by 30 minutes of actual flying time. The student is encouraged to take the controls, under strict supervision of course, so you can forget the James Bond aerobatics for your first lesson at least.

Any budding chopper hoppers can get in touch with Sloane Helicopters on 0604 790595. Radio One DJs need not apply.

grooming

PWESSING MATTERS

THE VOTES have been counted and the totals are in. It's official. Superstar chat show host Jonathon Ross has been declared *Morphy Richards Trouser Press Man of the Year* by the UK's top business people, despite stiff opposition from smooth style merchants Michael Aspel and Robert Kilroy Silk.

When the news broke, *Mayfair* was on the spot. Speaking from his luxurious London pad, multi-media personality Jonathon gave his reaction. "It is a much cherished honour, and I am very proud. It is an award that will take pride of place on my mantelpiece of life." This from a man who didn't even get a free trouser press.

If you want to look like Jonathon Ross and impress your friends with creases you can cut bread with, get yourself a Morphy Richards *Strides and Club Edition* trouser press. Twific!

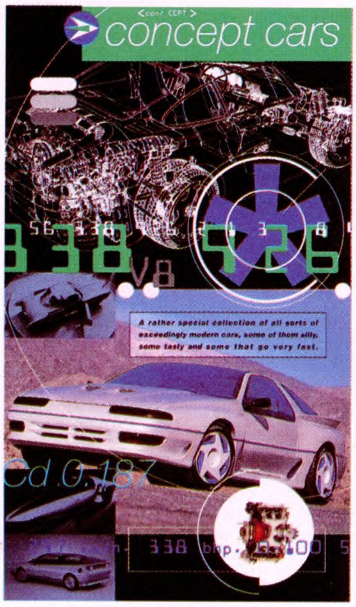
mayfair reads

Our round-up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

SADDAM HUSSEIN likes to dress up in women's clothes and watch The Little House on the Prairie — just two of a catalogue of exposes currently circulating America. His hero is said to be Michael Landon because Saddam sees him as the perfect father figure and he makes the dictator cry. His transvestite tendencies, it is said, are a release from all the pressures of being a man and the thought of dressing up in something feminine provides the mad mullah with some form of relaxation. Other Saddam facts include: he likes to be told he's "devilishly handsome"; he celebrates Arab holy days by having group sex; and he uses custom made shampoo lest someone should try to poison him. — *National Enquirer*

A RECENT slimming programme was so successful that people were getting too thin. Franco Rigazzi, who claimed to be a doctor, sold patients his secret slimming pills which guaranteed that they would lose weight. They were so effective that people on the diet were checking into Milan's main hospital with stomach cramps and malnutrition. Police were eventually called in to investigate and forensic scientists discovered that the pills contained powdered gelatin and tapeworm eggs that hatched and took up residence in the intestines. Worms of 20 feet in length were found in some dieters who had lost anything up to 100lbs. Rigazzi was arrested on charges of fraud and endangering life. — *Novella 2000*

AN AFRICAN village is being terrorized by a giant lizard as big as a tour bus. The monster, which stalks a 20-mile section of the Nyong River in Cameroon, has eaten 16 people since January. Over 50 other mysterious disappearances in the region have been attributed by local people to the beast. Crocodiles in the area have been known to grow up to 20 feet, but according to eyewitnesses the creature is much bigger than this. Reports state that its jaws are so big that a grown man could stand inside them without having to stoop. The most recent victim, four-year-old Aki Akambuso, was swallowed whole as he paddled on the river bank. Experts from the West African nation's government believe this freak of nature could be related to the dinosaurs. — *World Weekly News*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concept cars
338
V8
926
A rather special collection of all sorts of exceedingly modern cars, some of them silly, some tasty and some that go very fast.
Cd 0.187
338 bhp

innovation

QUICK, THINKING CARS

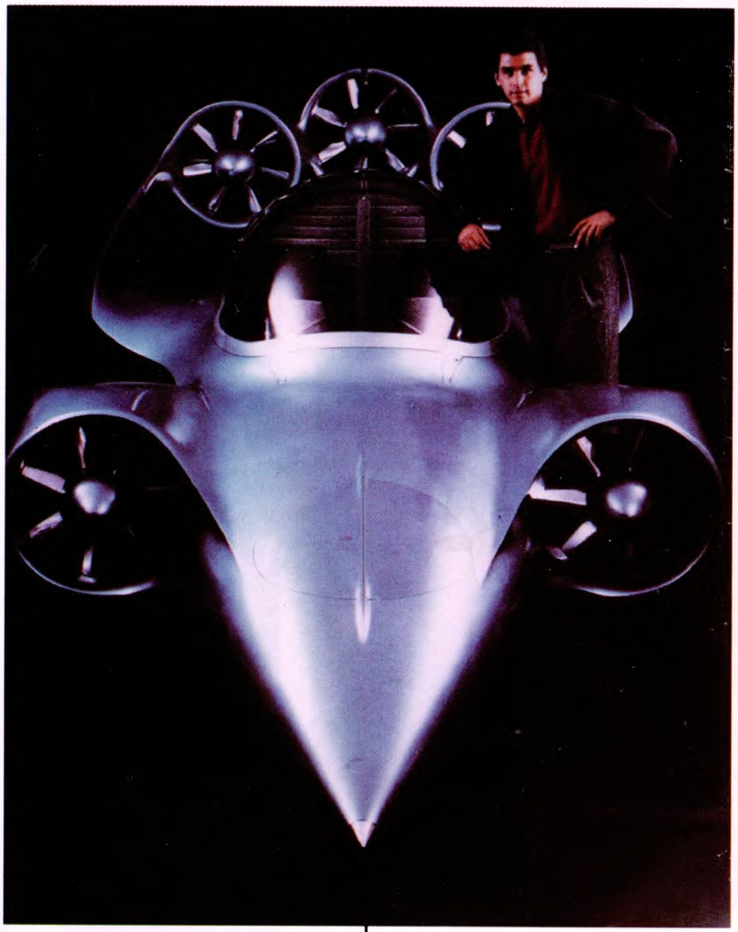
HAS YOUR car got computerised slip differentials, a kevlar body shell and a 'brain' bigger than your own? Well it soon will have!

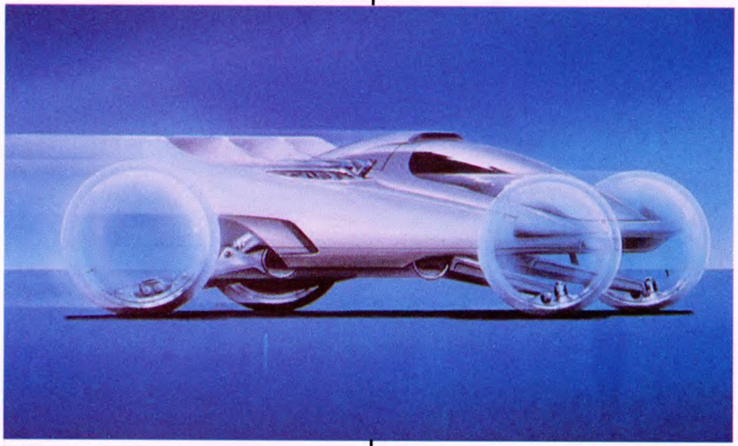
The incredible speed of innovation in the motor industry is such that by the time the concept car has wowed us with its radar-regulated cruise control, it is probably already a standard feature on bottom-of-the-range Skodas. The advent of high-powered computers means that it takes as little as six months to create a concept car from design drawings to finished vehicle. In ten years time there probably won't even be concept cars.

The fascinating story of these innovative vehicles, tracing them from their pioneering origins to the present day, is presented on a new video from Polygram in association with Toyo Tyres entitled *Concept Cars* (£9.99).

The video shows that when the first concept cars appeared in the 1930s they were closer to science fiction than science fact: publicity-generating dream machines intended to blind the man in the street with so much space-age science and gadgetry that he would gladly shell out for a motor that bore little, if any, resemblance to its futuristic stablemate.

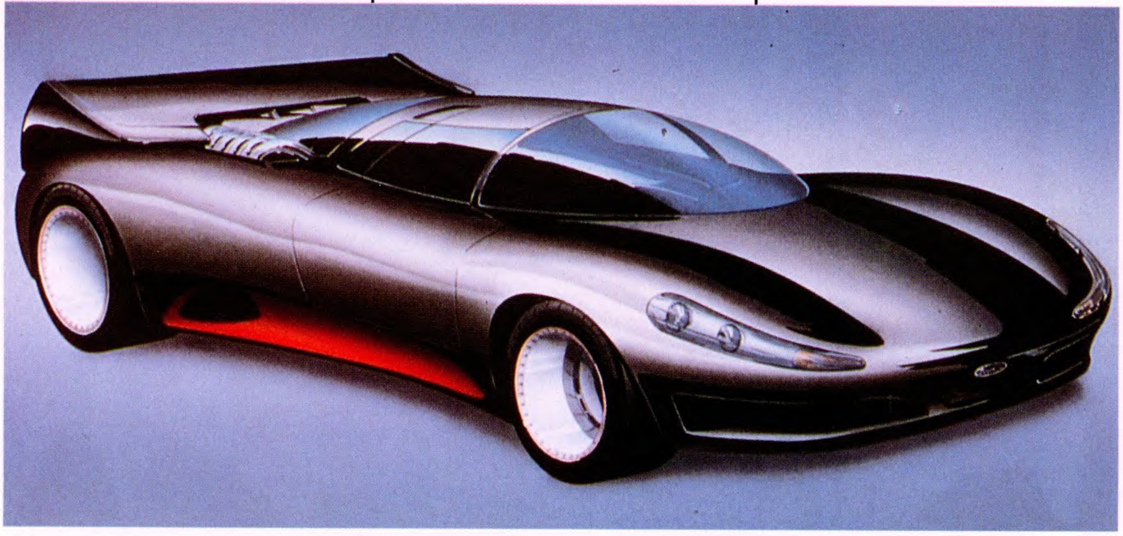
But dreams are what makes the concept car — that and huge investment from companies eager to be the first with a new idea. The difference between the 1930s concept car and the 1990s version is computer technology, which enables nearly every laboratory pipe dream to become a driving reality.





Who could have predicted even ten years ago that the Japanese would produce cars such as the Toyota FXV2, with its active four-wheel steering and electronic wind sensors which adjust the attitude of the rear wheels for cross-wind stability? Or Nissan's amazing ARC X which bristles with electronic gadgetry like an 'intelligent' vehicle control, a collossal top speed and drive-by-wire steering that means each wheel is individually controlled by its own hydraulic servo motor reducing the turning circle to the size of a six yen piece?

For once Europe is also forcing forward the boundaries of technology. There are vehicles like the Peugeot OXIA, with a top speed in excess of 350kmh and a phenomenal 680 bhp, and the Citroen ACTIVA with its array of holographic displays that resembles a video arcade more than a runaround.



Then, of course, there's the Mirov 2, the revolutionary sports turbo from the Soviet Union, which you may recognise from the Norwich Union TV advert. In fact it's a German concept car stuffed with a 1600 VW engine, as well as all the usual plethora of futuristic goodies.

Even the most incredible innovations are serious business. One can no longer laugh at seemingly ludicrous in-car technology, like the Millenium's voice-activated controls or TV screens instead of a rear-view mirror, when they could easily become standard extras in years and even months to come.

Rest assured, it won't be long before your next Ford Fiesta comes complete with an automatic massage unit. And you think we're joking...

Concept Cars is available from most high street stores at £9.99.

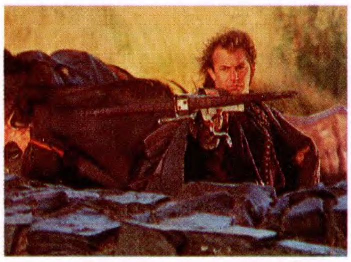
SCENE

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

FILMS

Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves Kevin Costner gets to flourish his crossbow as the legendary champion of the poor. Teen idol Christian Slater plays Will Scarlett, and the gorgeous Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio sparkles as Maid Marian in this screen spectacular.



Filofax James Belushi stars as a small-time crook who finds an executive's Filofax in a phone booth. Armed with credit cards and contacts, Belushi bluffs his way through high powered business meetings while the real exec is left to fend for himself on the streets. A *Trading Places* for the Nineties.

Over Her Dead Body Sibling rivalry reaches a disastrous level when two sisters share a man (Judge Reinhold). One of the sisters winds up dead; but she proves to be even more trouble dead than she was alive as attempts to bury and dump her are all thwarted. Dead funny.

Julia Has Two Lovers This deceptively low-budget West coast American sex comedy takes place mainly over the phone between the plumply horny Daphna Kastner and David Duchovny. Julia's steady boyfriend has proposed, but in the two days it takes her to make up her mind she beds Duchovny. Kastner, as Julia, is sexy and fun with great breasts – but she is never glamorous, which for some strange reason only makes you fancy her more!

Mermaids The ever-glamorous Cher plays Mrs Flax, an eccentric single parent who drags daughters Charlotte (Winona Ryder) and Kate (Christina Ricci) from city to city because she can't bear to settle down. But when 15-year-old Charlotte falls in love at first sight, her confused Catholic upbringing leads her to believe that she is the victim of an immaculate conception after her first kiss. A funny coming-of-age tale, set during the Kennedy presidency, and the gorgeous Winona Ryder can't put a foot wrong.

VIDEO

GoodFellas Yet another mob film starring the impeccable Robert DeNiro, but this is a must-see. The true story of casual violence and greed amongst New York's Sicilian gangsters is told with such wit and style that you empathise with the crazy self-styled 'Wise Guys' even as they waste each other at point-blank range over imagined slights. Brilliant.

Last Exit to Brooklyn A powerful interpretation of Selby's controversial bestseller, which was banned for obscenity in America. The characters live sad and seedy lives as pimps, prostitutes, transvestites and drug addicts, yet the exquisite filming creates a moving end result.

The Dark Side of the Moon A typically anonymous sci-fi film-crew man a space shuttle trapped between the Earth and the Moon. It's all great fun in a sub-*Aliens* kind of way as you try to guess who will be the next crew member to get 666 emblazoned on their stomach from the inside. Cheap but fun.

CDs

James Brown, the undisputed Godfather of Soul, marks his return from the State Pen with an immense 71-track triple CD collection titled *Big Star*. It kicks off with the single that has been sampled by every rap record you've ever heard, *Funky Drummer*, and takes in classics like *Please, Please, Please*, *Papa* and *Say It Loud — I'm Black And Proud.* Take it to the bridge!

Rappin' Is Fundamental mix slick 50s doo wop with nifty 90s hip hop, and call it Doo-Hop. Which basically translates as rap that you can hum.

EMF Just when you thought that these bright young things had fizzled out they're back with their debut album, *Schubert Dip*, which rather surprisingly shows that the Epsom Mad Funkers can actually play good tunes. Well worth saving your bims for.

Steve Winwood Despite classic tunes like *Keep On Running*, and *Gimme Some Lovin'* Mr Winwood has been overlooked for so long he must think he's got a personal hygeine problem. This solid compilation includes all the best bits from the first ten years of the man's long and prolific career.

BOOKS

Judge Dredd's Rough Justice Despite the liberal sprinkling of 'kersplatt's and 'kaboom's, Judge Dredd is no ordinary comic book anti-hero. With a Dredd film in the pipeline, this is a timely collection of early work by some of Britain's foremost comic talent. A *drokkin'* classic.

Footrot Flats is the cynical farming life cartoon from New Zealand and is reckoned by the prestigious Comic Buyer's Guide to be "one of the world's funniest comic strips". Judge for yourself in the second book of adventures from this collection of crazed farm animals.

Mostly Men is a compilation of 33 interviews by journalist Lynn Barber, known to her victims as The Demon Barber of Fleet Street. Her subjects are usually men because, she declares, she is more curious about them. Males under the microscope range from Melvyn Bragg and Ben Elton to Ken Russell and Freddie Starr. Great for those who like the sound of celebrities squirming.

Predator A graphic novel collection inspired by the *Predator* film, this forgoes Arnie Schwarzenegger hacking about in the jungle in favour of an urban, futuristic stalk'n'slash. The bad guys are alien killing machines whose *raison d'etre* is hunting – and their prey is Man. They're also mean, ugly as hell, and tough enough to withstand a fearsome array of hardware. A rollicking good read.

The Star Trek Compendium Dedicated Trekkies would be lost without Allan Asherman's official guidebook to everything that boldly wears a ridiculous costume. Well, did you know Kirk was originally conceived as 'a space-age Captain Horatio Hornblower'? It's an informative companion to the 78 original episodes, many of which are available in novel and video form. Beam us up!

on the road

SOME PEOPLE SHOULD BE EATEN

In which intrepid explorer Max Anderson crashes through the Indian jungle to shoot tiger. And misses.

"Darling, it's the trip of a lifetime. It's absolutely marvellous. I'm thrilled. Thrilled for both of us."

Tim and Penny were a lovestruck couple whose happiness consumed everything in its path. They were also wildlife enthusiasts dressed in Stewart Granger costumes, and they were sharing *our* elephant.

We were in Northern India, stalking tiger in the Jim Corbett National Park. I couldn't believe it: I had travelled half way round the world, to do one of the most glamorous-sounding things I could think of, and still ended up somewhere crap.

"When you've been on one trip of a lifetime," said The Green, quietly, "you've been on them all." His eyebrow was raised and he wore an expression of great resignation.

Tim cocked his Topi to the back of his head, looked deeply into Penny's eyes and said: "Tiger, tiger burning bright, in the forests of the night..." to which she gave a little sigh. "Shakespeare, darling. Don't you just adore it? Here we are under the burning Indian sun, setting off into the heart of a great wilderness, to find the king of cats. You know, I was always meant to be an adventurer. It's in my blood."

"Look at 'em, sitting there so smug," I said. "Anyone would think they were Hilary and bloody Tenzing." I sat behind them in the middle of the cradle – or howdah – and The Green was left holding the bum card, perched on a rear seat facing backwards.

"Oh Tim, I do so hope we find a tiger," said Penny.

"Of course we will," replied Tim and he proceeded to boldly address the Indian elephant driver in atrocious Linguaphone Hindi.

The swooning honeymooners instantly swallowed the Indian driver's pitch: "This is my elephant," he said, switching the beast across the trunk with a stick. "I will drive the elephant through the jungle, and I will find for you, *tiger*!"

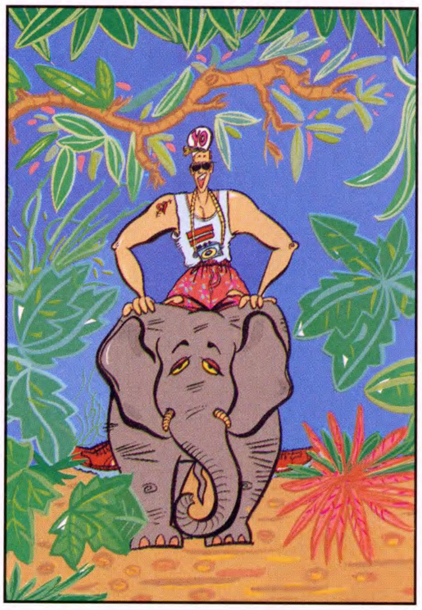
"Wonderful!" brayed Tim, and produced a one hundred rupee note, indicating the tip he might award if a tiger was found. The driver dissolved into a slurry of obsequious platitudes and promises. Penny clasped her hands to her breast.

Then the driver looked at us. The Green fished in his pockets and slowly produced our pledge of bounty: a pin-badge with the motif "You Can Tell It's Tizer When Your Eyes Are Shut." It was all we had.

Imperiously offended, the driver widened his eyes and sniffed. Turning to Penny he said, " The name of this elephant is... Jawaharlal." He made a great play of the Hindi name as if he had an extremely hot chip in his mouth.

"Jawarlawarlawalawal?" asked The Green.

"Hmm," I said. "Well it wouldn't be called Brad, would it?"



Illustrated by Alison Flintham

The animal sauntered slowly out of the camp; the air was hot, the crickets were high. It was a real tiger-hunting afternoon. We turned off a yellow dirt road and crashed headlong into the dense undergrowth, the elephant cleaving the vegetation with its massive bulk.

Presently I felt a tug at my sleeve. "They don't put all this in the brochures." Only inches away from his seat on the back edge of the howdah, The Green was unavoidably confronted by a huge rubber-lipped valve stretched to the size of a ship's porthole by the delivery of three massive pillows of cakey dung.

"Oh now *this* is India," cried Tim magnificently, scanning the foliage for signs of life.

"Yes," said the Green, "I think it probably is."

I called to the driver. "How long has the Ronnie Corbett National Park been open to the public?"

Tim whipped round and fixed me with a glower. "It is *not* Ronnie Corbett. It is *Jim* Corbett. You know very well it's Jim Corbett."

"Don't worry, Max," said The Green. "I get them confused too. Just remember that one of them used to hunt tigers and then set up a game reserve to ease his conscience, and the other one sits in a big black chair and tells jokes about being small."

Meanwhile, Tim and Penny were taking it in turns to smell the fragrant air. Suddenly Penny whispered, "Oooooh, Timmy, Timmy, Timmy!" and pointed up into a tree. She was beside herself with excitement.

"What's she seen?" I asked. "There's nothing there."

Tim reached for an enormous Pentax slung by his side, drew it up to his eye and blasted it off into the tree like a Kalashnikov rifle.

The Green mused to himself. "Twelve pictures of a wasp taken at a distance of 10 yards with a wide-angle lens and a green filter. I suppose the Tate gallery might be interested."

"Oh but Tim, it was there! It was what we saw on that wildlife programme!" she simpered.

"A hump-backed whale?" ventured The Green.

"Never mind Sweetpea, it's gone now. But," he said, turning around, "perhaps we might have seen it if we had a bit more *quiet* at the back!"

The Green faded out his whistling of Petula Clarke's *Downtown*.

"Don't you two take *anything* seriously?" barked Tim. "For God's sake, here we are on the trip of a lifetime and all you can do is make fun." The elephant uttered a big burbly fart. "Don't you *like* wildlife?"

"Wildlife is fine. There just isn't any here."

"A friend of ours did the same trip," said The Green, "and he came back with a magnificent picture of a tiger. His friends talked about it for weeks." Tim and Penny looked forlornly at the giant Pentax camera dangling forlornly between them. "...But you could always cut pictures out of *National Geographic*."

"Oh shut up! Shut up!"

"Plarble-arble-arble," went the back of the elephant, and a rich, warm air passed over all of us.

"Ugh!" said Penny.

"Every cloud..." said The Green, deep in scholarly thought, "...has a sulphur lining..."

The elephant let go a stream of urine which sounded like a hose-pipe being fired at a taut sheet of polythene. I thought I saw Penny wipe the corner of her eye. Not a good time for The Green to point excitedly up into the trees and draw our attention to an airliner's vapour trail.

But the driver saved the day. He halted the elephant and raised his hand for silence. I thought he was about to part the Red Sea. "Quiet! The elephant smells *Tiger*!" We watched him direct the elephant's nose into a quiet clump of grass. I think if the elephant could have rolled its eyes it would have.

I looked at The Green. The Green looked at me. We waited. We waited some more. Penny and Tim held each other tightly. "Oh for God's sake! The elephant smells tiger? The driver smells a tip, more like."

And that was that. Not a dickie-bird. Yet, despite the seeming failure of the trip, I felt strangely satisfied. After all, did I want to see a tiger? Well, no – not unless it was going to eat Tim and Penny. (They *should* have been eaten, really. It would have been the experience of a lifetime for them.) Had I learnt anything from the trip? Well, I'd never seen an elephant shit before, and it was mighty impressive, but that wasn't enough to explain my general feeling of well-being.

No, I felt good because I'd fulfilled my mission. I'd wanted to have new travel experiences, seek out strange new tourists, and laugh at them. In that, I'd had considerable success.

We returned to the camp where other trekking elephant parties were waving their cameras and telling of fabulous animals they had seen.

Someone called across to Tim and Penny, "See anything?"

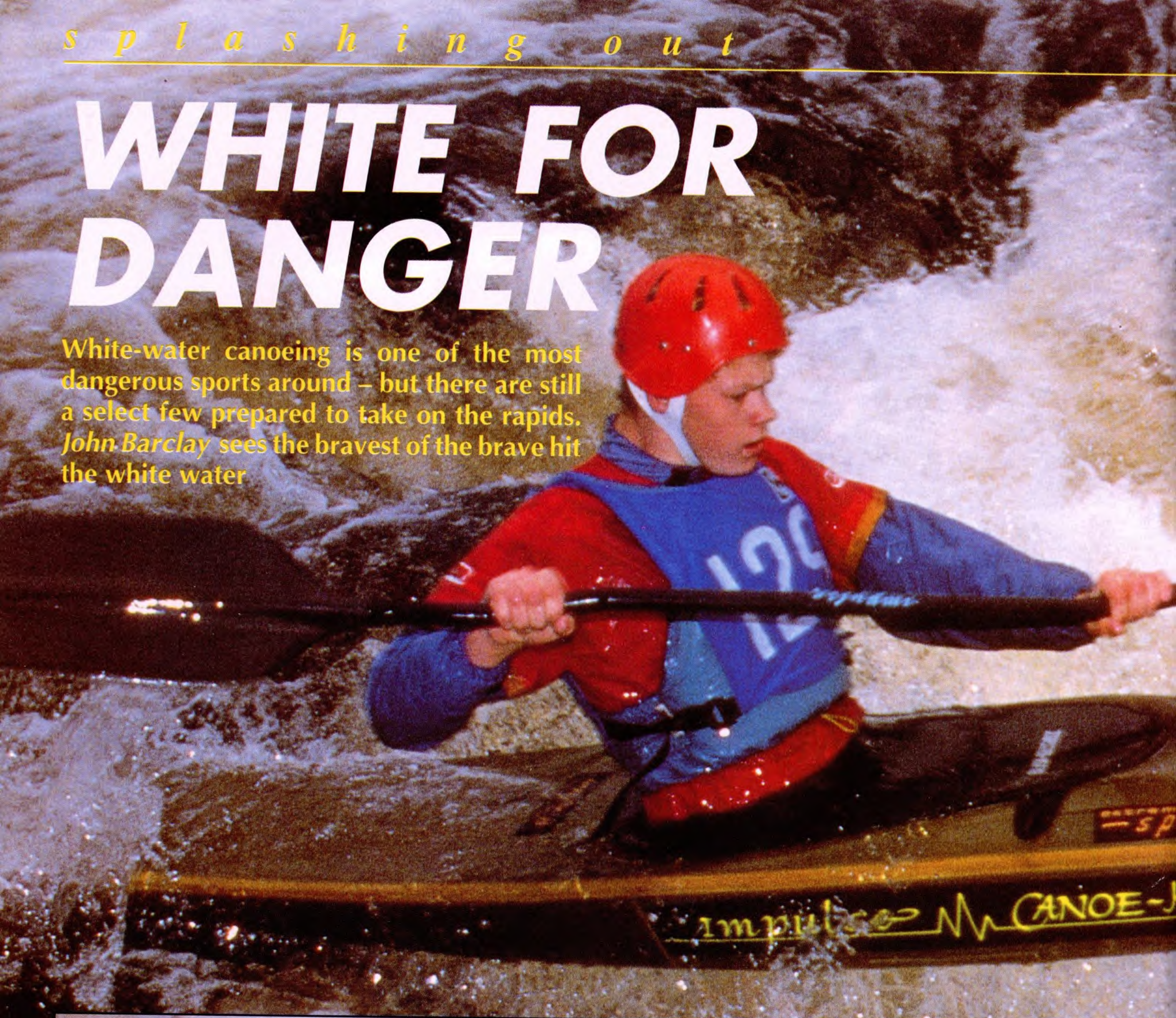
Tim opened his mouth to reply, but I got in there first.

"Nah," I called back, "Bugger all."

I think it was the last straw for our companions. But at least they left the next day with a few words of comfort from The Green to take back to England with them: "Don't worry," he said, "there'll be another trip of a lifetime next year." Ⓜ

WHITE FOR DANGER

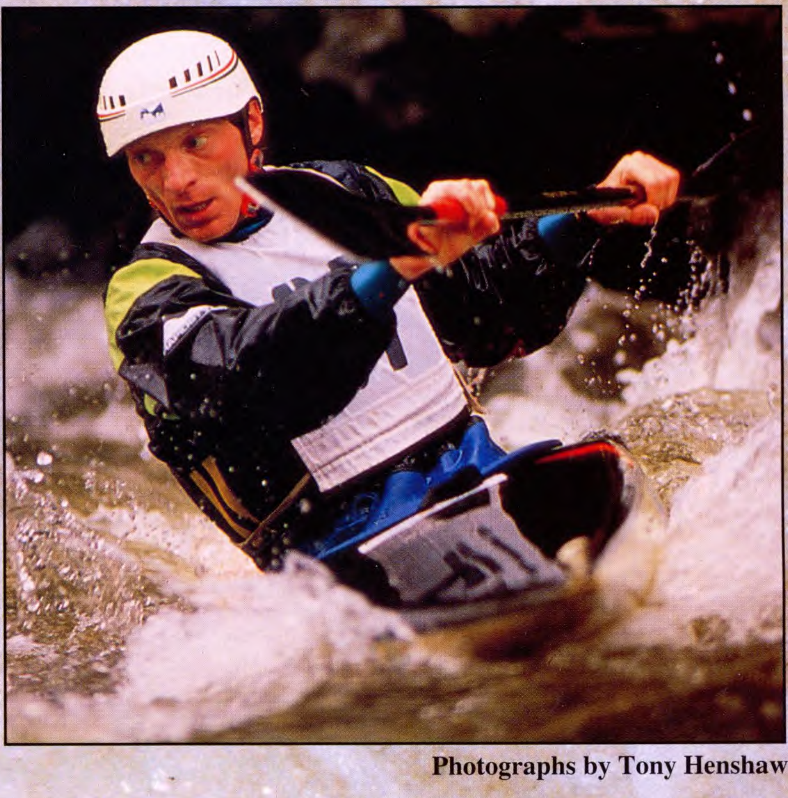
White-water canoeing is one of the most dangerous sports around – but there are still a select few prepared to take on the rapids. *John Barclay* sees the bravest of the brave hit the white water



FOR THREE hundred and sixty one days of the year the tranquil surroundings of Llangollen in Wales are broken only by the distant bleating of sheep. Then for two weekends in October the calm is shattered by one of the biggest and most dangerous events in the world of white-water canoeing — the British Open Slalom Championships.

The competition, now celebrating its 20th year, is one of the biggest and attracts over 200 of the sport's top names in an event that is the finale of the domestic season in Britain. It precedes the International Slalom Championships held on the 26-27th of October in the same location, and canoeists come from all over the world, eager to take on the rapids of one of Europe's most demanding rivers.

The 700 metre course along the River Dee cascades perilously through the very heart of Llangollen, providing the thousands of spectators with a breathtaking view. The fiercely competitive atmosphere is positively electric as the sportsmen risk being ducked beneath the



Photographs by Tony Henshaw

waves or smashed into a stone outcrop.

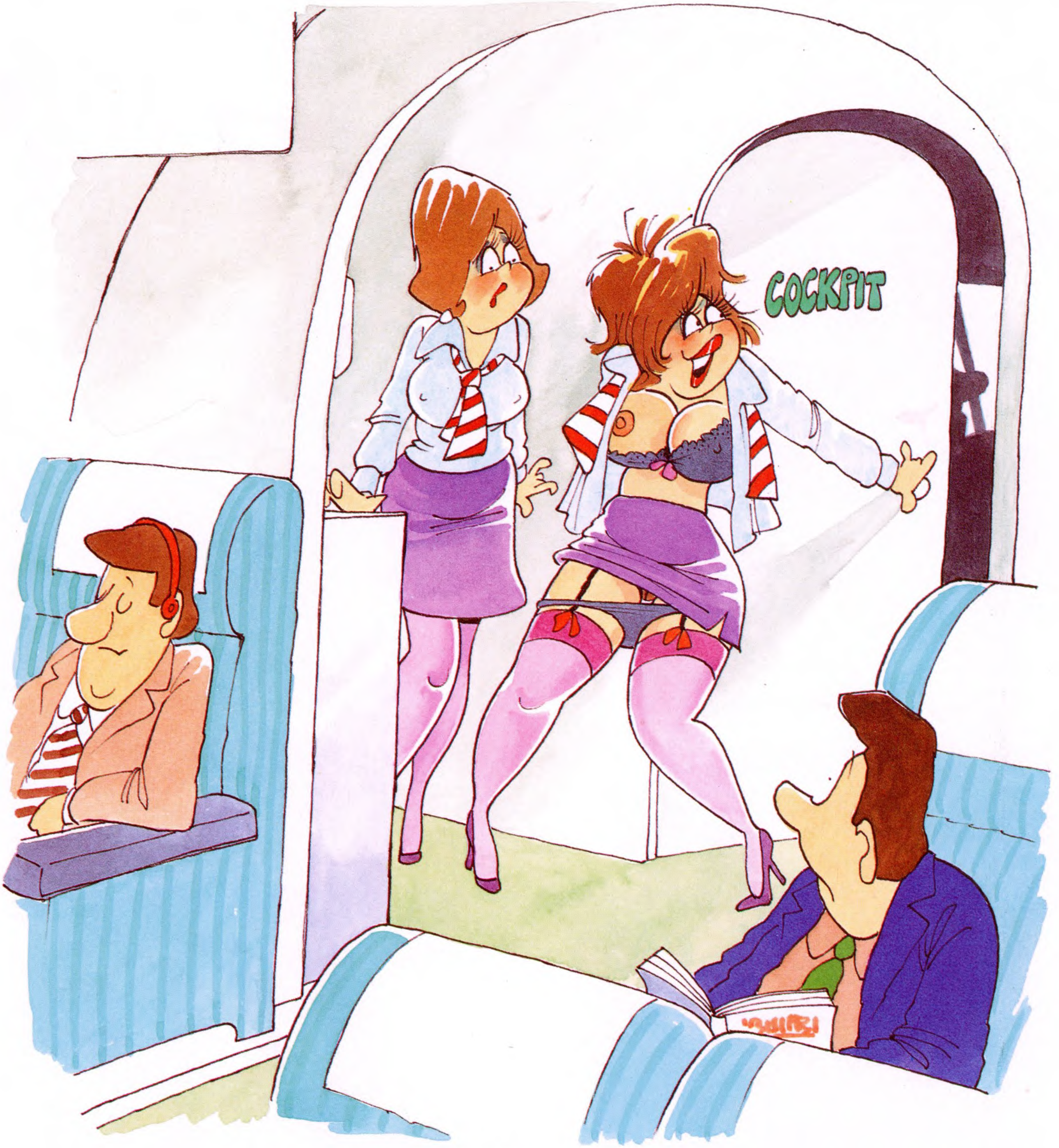
But with skilful paddling and finely tuned balance the competitors can cut their way through the water, guiding their craft around even the most daunting obstacles. The real dangers involved in a canoeing event like Llangollen are the hazards that you can't see; the jagged rocks which lurk only inches beneath the surface that can rip the shell of a canoe like paper; the sharp branches and debris carried along in the flow that can tip the craft over if you become entangled. Even specially-designed canoes, made from the most advanced light-weight materials, cannot protect the canoeist from the furious flood currents that are characteristic of the River Dee in October. Needless to say, not all the competitors finish the course!

The secret of white-water canoeing is to stay in the fastest part of the water at all times. The problem, of course, is that this is also the most turbulent region of the river. At this advanced level in competitive canoeing the canoeist is quite used to the sudden sub-currents that threaten to capsize his boat. If a mistake is made he could be plunged upside-down into the freezing cold water, his well-protected head crashing off underwater obstacles even before he is able to perform one of several technical canoe rolls to get out of trouble.

At Llangollen, however, their is an added danger – several of them, in fact – in the form of waterfalls, often as high as five feet, which the canoeist must tackle exactly right. There is no second chance with the water threading its way through the rocks and plunging over the drop at incredible speeds. If the approach is wrong or a paddle is dipped at the wrong moment the canoeist could find himself nose-diving into the barrelling counter-current, and swept beneath the surface. Help is always at hand, with life-saving frogmen positioned at all the most serious sections of the course, but at this level of danger, nothing is certain...

As if this wasn't enough, the canoeist is doing it all against the clock, *and* attempting to get through as many of the gates which are suspended into the water as possible. Time penalties are awarded for various offences, such as missing a gate, which means the competitor with the fastest time in not necessarily the outright winner. It's a sport which combines speed, skill and a fearless attitude; a sport that pits the subtle timing and immense physical strength of an individual against the rolling waters of a speeding river in full flow.

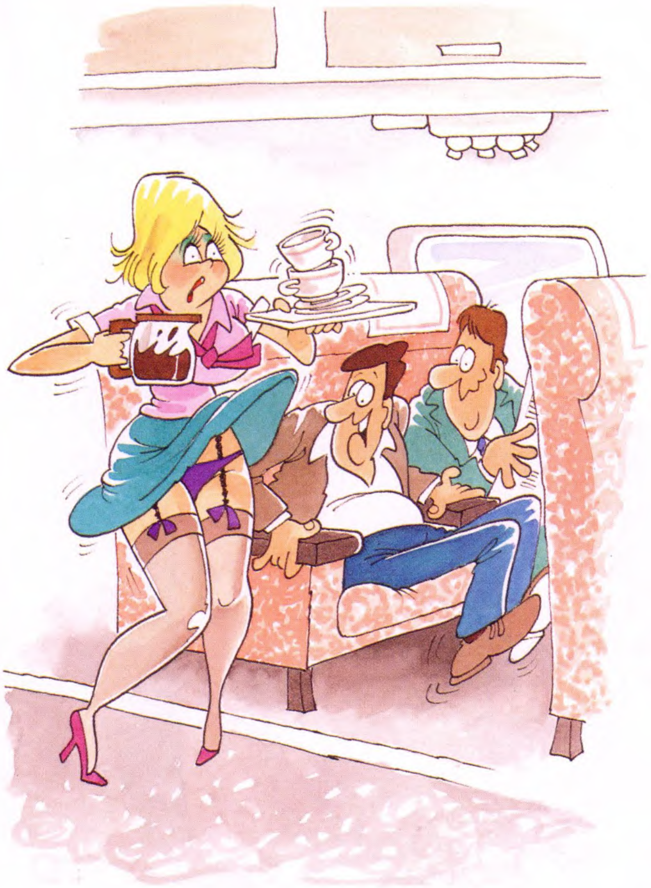
The competition is the largest of its sort in Britain, and as these pictures from last year's event show, it's not for the faint-hearted! Ⓜ



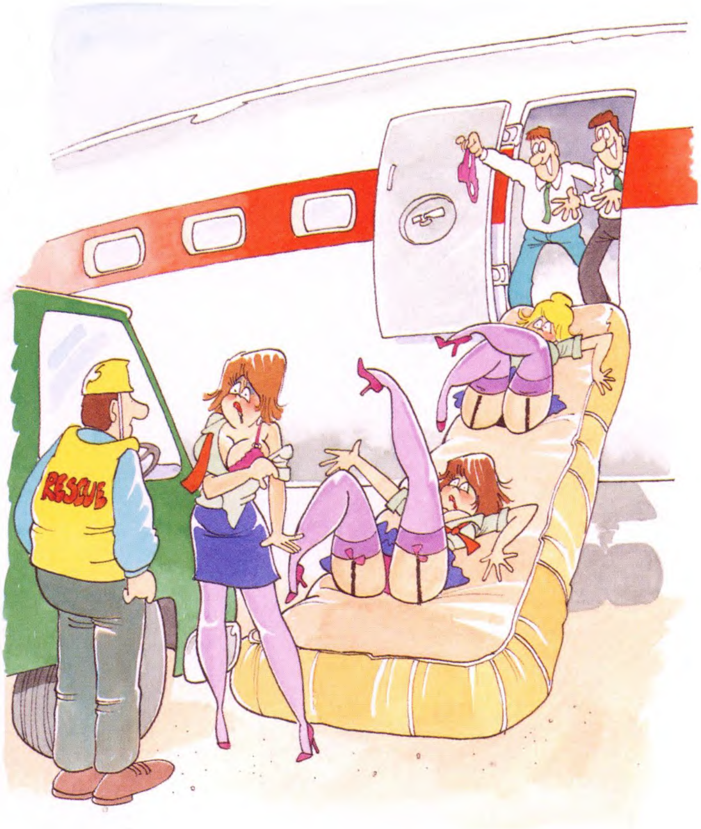
'Phew! The're not kidding'

Join the Mile High Club, then fasten your seatbelts for a spot of turbulence in the cockpit. Cartoonist Anthony gets you off to a flying start...

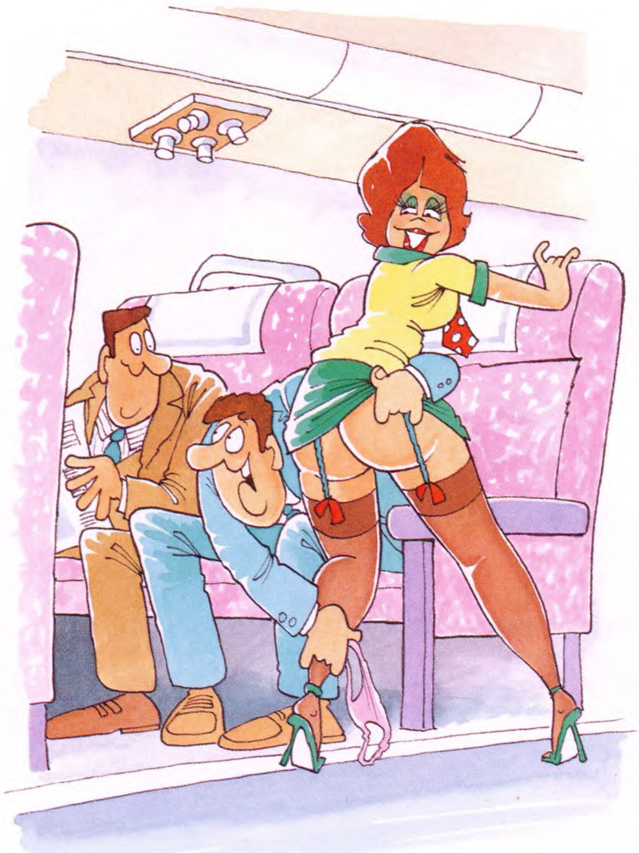
Airport 69



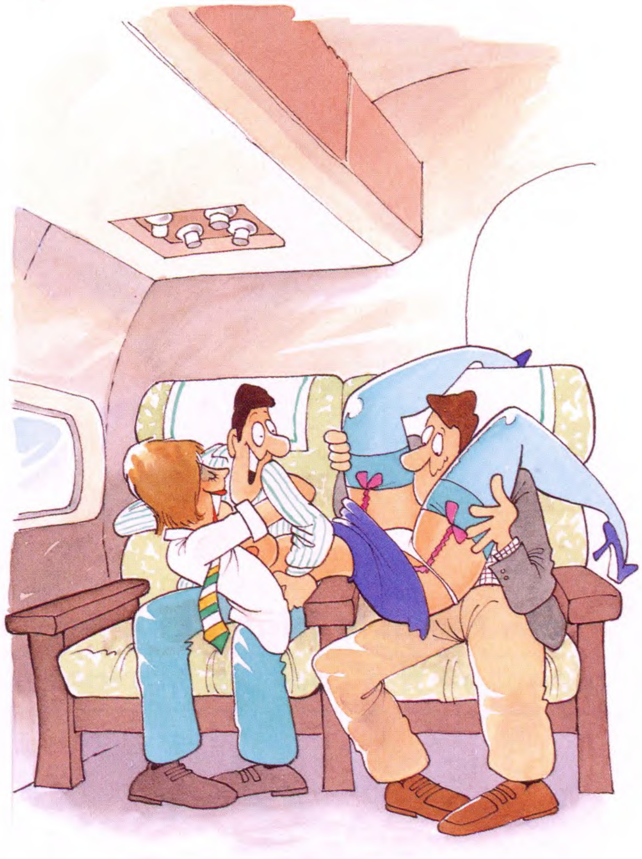
'Wow! That was some air pocket we just hit'



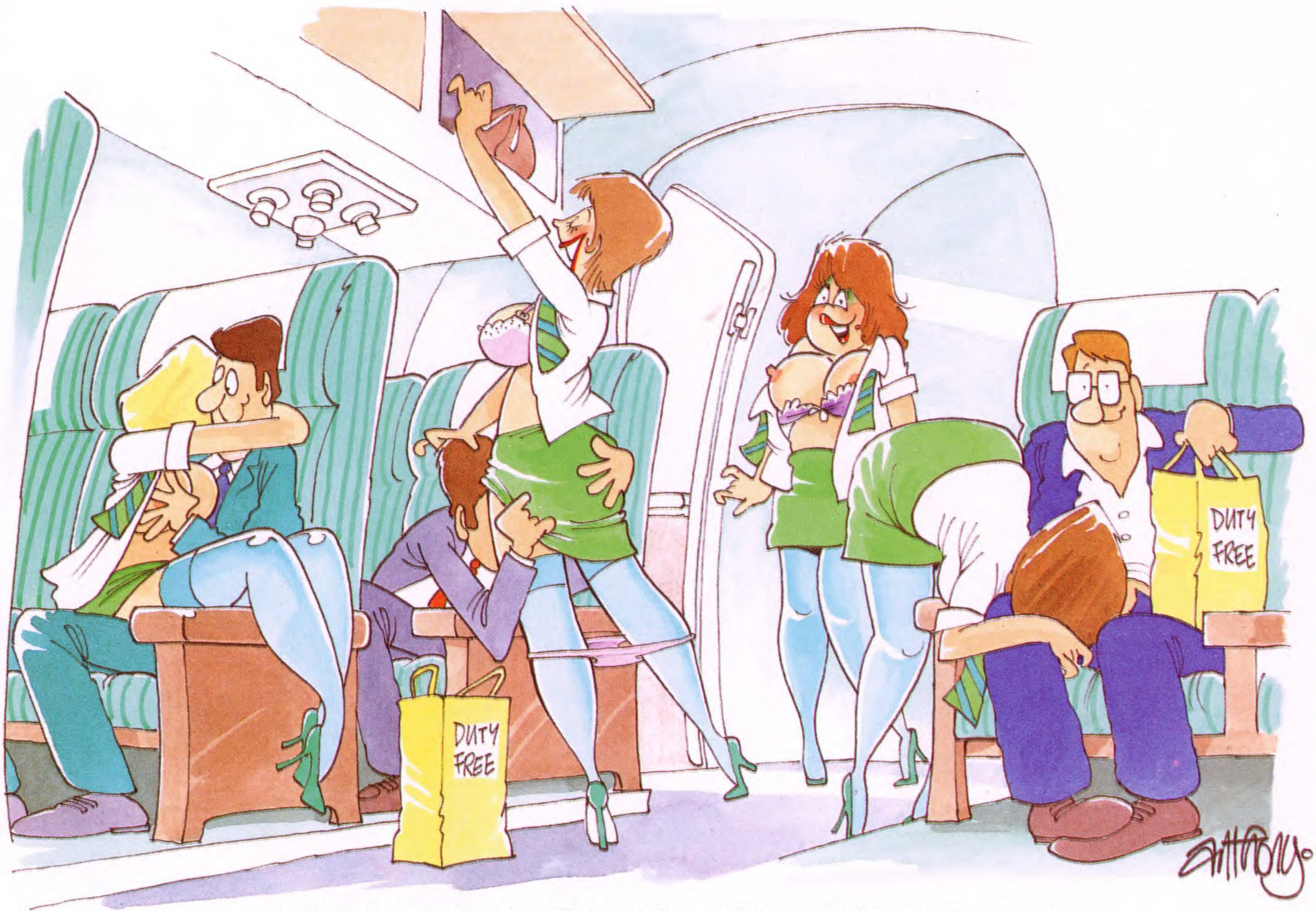
'There is no emergency... we just wanted to make a quick escape from the passengers!'



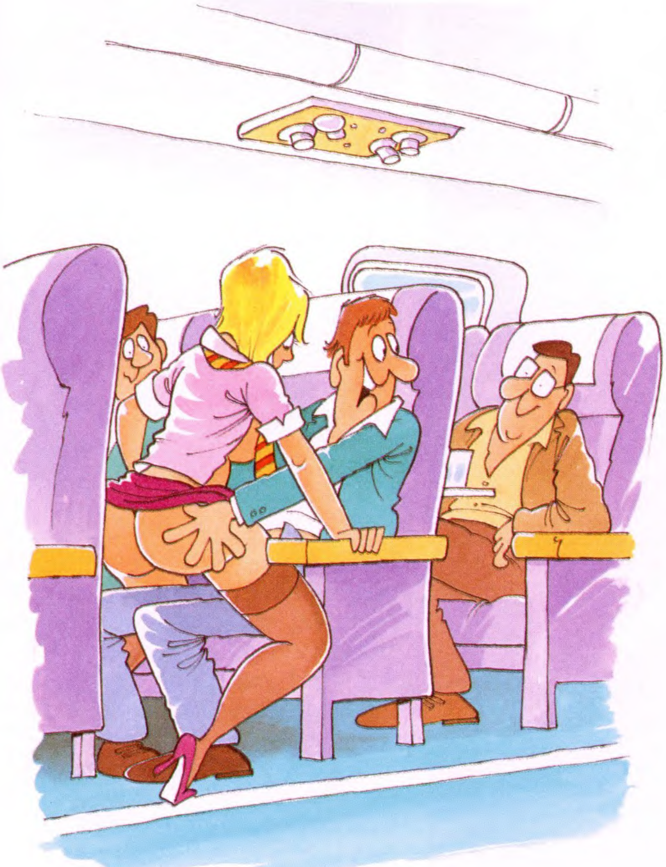
'We have take off!'



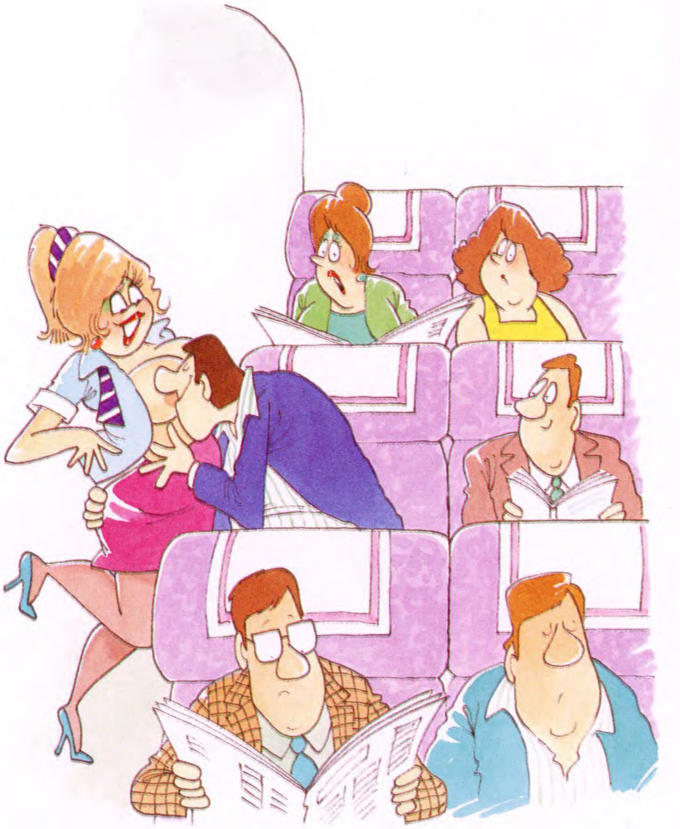
'You can't fault the in-flight entertainment, can you?'



'We hope you enjoyed your flight and that you'll travel with Fanny Airlines again'



'She's just making her final approach'



'I normally suck a boiled sweet when my ears start popping'

Of all the aspects of sexual behaviour, there are few more fascinating than that of losing one's virginity. Quest examines the experiences and attitudes of three respondents, and discovers how their first time has affected their subsequent sex lives.

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: Is it true to say that until very recently you had no sexual experience whatsoever?
Brunette: Yes, until five months ago I was a virgin, and to be honest I'd had very little to do with men most of my life. My father died when I was small and from then on it was just my mother and me. The only men that I used to meet were the male customers in the shop that she used to run.

Quest: So you reached the age of 25 and were still a virgin. What happened to change the situation?
Brunette: My mother died about a year ago and I really couldn't manage on my own. Graeme was the son of one of my regular customers and as I knew he was a quiet and reliable lad I took him on.

After he'd been there a couple of months we'd got to know each other quite well on a fairly formal level. But there was a bit more than that too. I could see the way he was beginning to look at me, and I suddenly thought that men had never looked at me that way before. I started wearing clothes I knew he liked and one day, I saw his eyes lingering over my breasts and my legs in my new high heels. I found myself getting excited, feeling my nipples tingle as Graeme studied me, and feeling all hot between my legs. That was something I'd never really felt before, or at least, if I had I hadn't noticed it.

That night I lay in bed and masturbated myself for the first time in years, thinking what it would be like to see Graeme naked and feel his hot penis pressing against me. It was then that I decided that I wanted to seduce Graeme, to have him take my virginity.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 27
Town of origin.... Swansea
Other details.... This shy brunette lived for many years with her widowed mother, which made sexual relationships impossible. However she has recently found herself freed from such difficulties.

Quest: Tell us how you went about that.
Brunette: I asked him to stay late for a stocktake one night, and dragged the proceedings out so long that I made it an excuse for him to stay for dinner. Then I suggested that I show him a few of the new outfits I'd bought, to see if he thought I suited them. He said yes of course, and I could tell that he was admiring my figure as I showed

Quest

him the sheer blouses and tight skirts and dresses I'd got. I saw the way he was getting excited, shifting in his chair and blushing a bit.

I heard myself saying "Do you think this looks sexy?" as I showed him a bright yellow, very tight sundress that I'd bought, which showed off my breasts and left half my back bare. "Do you find this exciting?"

Graeme muttered that he did, and sat looking at the floor. I took my chance and asked him to unzip me. I wasn't wearing a bra, just a pair of white, lacy, hold-up stockings, and of course, when he pulled the zip down the dress fell to the floor as I'd intended. I turned round to him and said, "And what about this? Does this excite you too?"

I don't think he was all that experienced, but he certainly got the message then! He came right up close to me and kissed me hard, running his hands over my breasts. They were all flushed and the nipples were hard... for the first time in my life I felt overcome by lust.

He pushed down gently on my shoulders, and I knew what he wanted. I knelt down and pulled his flies open. His penis was poking out of the top of his underpants, the tip of it bright pink and very swollen.

"I stripped in front of him slowly, down to my little French knickers and stockings."

I pulled his pants down and licked the end of his penis. It was so hard, it didn't feel like I'd imagined when I was playing with myself, but he sighed with pleasure and that made me wetter than ever. I put as much of it as I could in my mouth and ran my lips up and down over the shaft. I don't know if I was very good – after all, it was my first time sucking a cock – but I put everything into it, because I wanted to lose my virginity in style.

Then I knew I had to have him inside me. I took his cock out of my mouth and looked up at him. "I want you to screw me," I said. "I want to have sex. Show me how to do it."

He told me to strip in front of him, which I did, taking my skirt off slowly to show him my little french knickers and stockings. It felt wonderful to see him admiring my body and the way I was turning him on.

Then he pushed me on to the floor in front of the fire and stroked my body all over. His hands wandered over my breasts, then went down, getting closer and closer to my pussy. I was suddenly very excited. I could feel that I was wet between my legs, and I wanted to touch myself there.

Graeme could tell how aroused I was, how my fanny was aching. He grabbed hold of my hand and guided it down to my lips, where I was all wet and hot, then he rubbed my fingers up and down them, so that I was spreading my juices everywhere. When he hit my clitoris with my finger, I shivered and had a climax, but he just carried on, and I was climaxing again and again, shaking and moaning. He sucked my nipples then, really nipping them with his teeth and drawing them right into his mouth, stroking my body all over with his hands. I felt as if I was going to lose control completely.

"Talk to me," I asked him. "Tell me what you're going to do to me." I could feel that his penis was hard and swollen again, pressing into my stomach. "I'm going to fuck you," he told me, just like that. " I'm going to slide my cock deep inside you, again and again, so that you can feel every inch of me." It was just what I wanted to hear. I didn't feel shocked, just totally randy.

He held himself above me on his elbows so that we could feel the whole length of each other's bodies, then he pushed his penis down on my skin so that he was stroking me with the tip of it. He teased the the entrance to my pussy, running the tip of his cock round the edge, pushing it in a little way, then bringing it out again. I had a big orgasm then, and I was panting and begging him to put it inside me. He made me wait though, teasing me all the time with his shaft and fingers. I had my legs open in the air, and I was grimacing and breathing hard, but I didn't care. I even reached down and played with myself, I was so lost in the way I felt.

Graeme could see that I really needed to feel that penis inside me, so he slowly pushed it in; it felt as if he took forever penetrating me, and I loved every second of it. Then he started pushing in and out, feeling the walls of my fanny sucking at his penis and my hips lifting up and down and grinding against him.

I could feel myself on the verge and I was yelling to him, "I'm coming, you're making me come!" or something like that, and the next minute I had a huge orgasm, which Graeme rewarded by nibbling my nipples, though he didn't stop stroking up and down inside me. He came soon though, and this time I really felt his come shoot up inside me, all hot and sticky. When he finally pulled out of me, I touched myself between the legs and could feel how much he'd come for me. It was wonderful.

Quest: How did you feel after losing your virginity?

Brunette: Brilliant, though I was a little annoyed with myself that I hadn't done it sooner, that I'd missed out on something great. Of course, now I can't get enough sex. Graeme has been very good, teaching me all kinds of different positions. For instance, I've discovered that my favourite way to be taken is from behind, so that I can reach down and stroke my clit at the same time, and that I love sex when there's a chance we might be caught. In opening hours we're always slipping to the back of the shop for a quickie, and it really arouses me that customers might come in and not have the slightest idea what I'm up to.

Quest: Do you think Graeme will be enough for you?

Brunette: At the moment, we're having a great time, though it's still early days yet. I'll take it as it comes, I think!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name.... Withheld

Sex.... Male

Age.... 31

Town of origin.... Stoke

Other details.... This good looking sales manager has been married and divorced twice, and is no longer looking for a permanent relationship. He currently has two, much younger, girlfriends.

Quest: You have told us that you find it difficult to be faithful to one partner. Why is that?

Sales Manager: It's definitely got to be something to do with my earliest sexual experiences. I lost my virginity when I was 17 to the mother of a schoolfriend of mine and her best friend, and then the sexual web that I was drawn into after that has really had an effect on me.

Quest: In what way? Do you mean that it's given you a fear of sex?

Sales Manager: No, quite the opposite. It's

Quest

made me very keen to experiment with sexual positions and ideas that a lot of women my own age find too kinky to handle. So I'm stuck: I don't really want relationships with older women now — but unfortunately they're generally the women who enjoy the kind of adventurous sex that I crave.

Quest: Can you describe just how you lost your virginity?

Sales Manager: One evening when I was 18, I called around at my mate Nick's house to find that his dad had taken him out to play tennis. His mum answered the door and instead of sending me away she invited me in. Her best friend was there too, obviously they were having a gossip while the men were out. I'd caught Pam eyeing me up before, and she was always making comments about how well developed I was for my age and how some day soon I'd be making a girl very happy, that kind of thing. I just used to laugh it off but I have to admit that it made me quite nervous as well.

> ***"I experienced the most beautiful sensation as she guided me inside her."***

They sat me on the sofa between them and I gulped a cup of tea down. I almost knew what to expect, but it was still a shock when Pam put her hand on my thigh and started stroking my leg. Debbie took the hint and did the same on the other side. I just sat there staring straight ahead. I could feel my cock get suddenly very stiff, so hard it was almost hurting. The bulge was sticking right up at the front of my trousers, and soon they both started running their hands over it. I collapsed back and moaned as they stroked my cock between them. I didn't know how long I could hold back from shooting my load, and then a very embarrassing thing happened. Just as Debbie had undone my flies and put her hand onto my underpants, I came.

Quest: What did the two women do then?

Sales Manager: Well, I thought that was it, to be honest. I thought they'd both laugh at me. I was blushing furiously, and fumbling with my flies. But Debbie stood up and said, "Come on, Pam, let's get him upstairs and clean him up." They led me up to the bathroom and Pam stripped me completely while Debbie washed out my underpants and sponged down my cock and balls very slowly. First she was just cleaning me up but then it changed and I knew she was stroking me on purpose to get me aroused again. It worked. About ten minutes later my cock was as stiff as a poker. I'd had my eyes closed so I didn't know where Pam had gone, but I opened them when I heard her tell Debbie to bring me into the spare bedroom. Pam was waiting in there for us. She'd taken off all her clothes except for a white suspender belt, black stockings and black stilettos.

"Get undressed, Debs," she said. "This is what I've been waiting for, and I know you have too!" Debbie undressed completely. She had a great body, and Pam's wasn't bad for her age either. Then she told me to lie back on the bed, relax and enjoy it! They knew it was my first time, so they took charge. One minute I was lying there wondering what I was supposed to do first; and the next Pam was kneeling over my face offering me her pussy. I started licking it and was surprised that it tasted really good. At the same time I felt Debbie's mouth clamping around my shaft, and to my surprise she took my whole length into her mouth, sucking hard, then withdrawing it almost all the way before setting up a really fast rhythm. I just lay there and enjoyed all the sensations and let them get on with it!

Pam kept pushing her pussy up and down my face, indicating that I should lick up and down and find her clitoris. I did so and she went wild, squirming and wriggling as I tongued her. I was getting more confident all the time, but I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. Pam could see that my balls were tightening and and she yelled out to Debbie: "Quick, he's ready for it." The next minute I experienced the most beautiful sensation as Debbie held her pussy lips open and guided my cock inside her. First she just moved the tip around her pussy hole, but then she sank right down onto it and I filled up her tight hole. She started riding me and it felt so good that I was shaking.

At the sight of her friend bouncing on my cock, Pam got more and more worked up. I could feel her juices on my face as she began to climax. Debbie gasped as she had her orgasm, which made her clamp really hard around my shaft with her pussy. I couldn't hold back any longer then, and came inside her. What a relief! I thought I'd never be able to come again, I felt so drained.

But then they swapped places so that Pam could sit astride my cock (which was only semi-hard by this time) and she brought herself off again by riding me. I didn't come much then, but with Debbie now letting me finger her pussy, I hardly knew where I was, I was getting so much pleasure.

Quest: Losing your virginity like that – to two experienced older women - seems like every man's fantasy. So what makes you think that it's affected your subsequent sex life adversely?

Sales Manager: Because this was my first experience of sex, I thought it was all quite normal. For ages I thought that everyone had sex like this. I never had sex with either of them on their own, you see, it was always both together.

So when I was about 19 and I wanted to have sex with the girl I was going out with at the time, I expected that she'd automatically dress up in kinky undies and sit on my face, and let me blindfold her while she sucked my cock and all that kind of thing. It really knocked me back when she found my ideas disturbing. And when I suggested that we should take her best friend to bed with us, well, she dumped me straight away!

Quest: So your ideas about sex from were confused by your experience with Pam and Debbie?

Sales Manager: Yes. It's meant that I now find it impossible to be satisfied with straight, man-on-top sex or anything which I regard as ordinary. I need the extra excitement of the kind of sex I was initiated into.

Quest: But you now have an older girlfriend who is willing to experiment?

Sales Manager: Yes, she's 47, but very trim and willing to try anything. She's got some very attractive girlfriends too!.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 27
Town of origin.... Radlett
Other details.... This buxom redhead is married and has a great deal of sexual experience, both in casual and in longer-term relationships.

Quest

Quest: You openly admit that you've slept with a great many men in your life. How many would you estimate?

Redhead: I'd say it was about 50 or 60. I lost count at nearly 20. But just because I've actually slept with a lot of men I don't regard myself as loose in any way. I'm not a slut, I just enjoy sex.

Quest: And it makes no difference whether you're involved in a long-term relationship or if you're single?

Redhead: I've never been able to be faithful to one bloke for more than a few months. That's why my live-in boyfriend finished with me, because I kept sleeping with other men. Luckily my husband is more understanding. He knows that if I have flings then I'll come back to him afterwards.

Quest: Would you tell us about how you lost your virginity?

Redhead: Yes. I was a bit of a late starter actually, I didn't lose it till I was 18, but I've certainly packed it in since then! I'd been seeing this man who was quite a few years older than me, 26, for several months. My parents hated him and tried to stop us seeing each other but of course they couldn't. He'd come to meet me from work and we'd sneak off for a cuddling session. Right from when I first met him, we couldn't keep our hands off each other – we fancied each other like mad.

When I finally let him have sex with me, it was marvellous.

Quest: Tell us how it happened.

Redhead: We'd been out for dinner and I'd told my parents that I'd be back quite late as I was going out to a club.

After dinner we were going to go dancing but Alan wanted to leave his car at home so we drove back to his place. As we parked things started to get a little steamy, with us kissing frantically and groping each other. It was a little hard in the cramped car, of course, but I reached down and unzipped his fly. His cock was harder than I'd ever felt it before. I'd masturbated him to orgasm many times in our heavy-petting sessions, but this time I knew things were going to be different.

We managed to stagger into the house and as soon as we'd shut the door to his flat he went on his knees, and pulled my skirt up around my waist. Then he started licking me through my panties, murmuring how he'd waited for this moment for so long and how lovely I looked in my stockings and suspenders. I could feel his tongue following the line of my slit through the gusset; it was driving me wild. I felt like yelling, ordering him to do lots of filthy things to me.

I was moaning and panting by now, and I wiggled my mound and pushed it at his face, hoping he'd get the message.

He did. He pulled my knickers down to my knees and plunged his tongue into my pussy. I had my first real orgasm then. I was shaking all over and he carried on licking me with really long tongue strokes. He put the tip of his tongue on my clitoris and gently made circles over the tip of it, sending shivers through me.

"He kissed my nipples and between my breasts, then moved further down."

He carried me to the bedroom and then he laid me down on his bed and slowly stripped off all my clothes. He ran his hands all over me as he took them off. I was wearing a sheer blouse and his hands on my breasts and stomach felt fantastic through the material. Then I lay back as he kissed me all over, starting with my nipples and between my breasts, then moving down lower and lower until he was kissing and sucking my bare pussy. I arched my back and obviously he knew what I wanted because he almost fell off the bed in his haste to get his clothes off.

He got on his knees and instead of thrusting into me straight away he started to stroke his cock slowly and deliberately, pulling the shaft up and down so that I had time to really see what a cock was like when it was aroused and big and throbbing.

He put my hands round his cock so that I could feel it hard and pulsing. I knew he was holding back his come until I was ready. Then he pulled my legs around his waist and paused with the tip of his cock right at the entrance to my pussy. Then he gradually eased his cock into me until I'd taken his whole length.

It felt beautiful – no pain at all – and when he started thrusting up and down in me, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven! The sensation of his penis being hugged tight inside my pussy, and slotting in and out of there, getting faster and faster all the time, sent me crazy. I stuck my nails in his back and locked my ankles together and thrust my hips up and down until I came and came. I lost count of the orgasms I had! Alan held back as long as he could and then he just let go with a huge shout.

It was a great way to lose my virginity, and Alan certainly taught me a lot about sex, because our relationship lasted for another year after that.

Quest: Do you think this experience explains why you have such a large sexual appetite?

Redhead: After I'd known Alan for a couple of months, I met another bloke, and I knew I had to have sex with him from the moment I met him. It took three days for us to get round to it, and it was fantastic, still the best sex I've ever had, I think. He was totally in charge.

He came to meet me from work and we drove to a nearby park. It was dusk, and we walked by the lake. When it was dark, David laid his coat down under a tree, not caring if anyone might come along and see us, and placed me so that I was kneeling on the coat on all fours, my bum in the air. He stroked my bum cheeks through my skirt, running his hands underneath to my stockingtops. He reached up further, rubbing my boobs through my bra and pulling gently at my nipples, all the while saying nothing. Then he hitched my skirt up, pulled the gusset of my knickers aside and thrust his cock into me, right up to the hilt. There was little preparation – one minute my pussy was empty and soaking wet, the next it was filled with rock hard cock. It was incredibly erotic. He screwed me, hard and fast, and it turned me on to think that he couldn't control himself and had to have me then and there. Normally, I enjoy a lot of foreplay, but with David I was so turned that I just wanted him inside me. I still see David about three times a year, just for sex and nothing else. But it's always great sex.

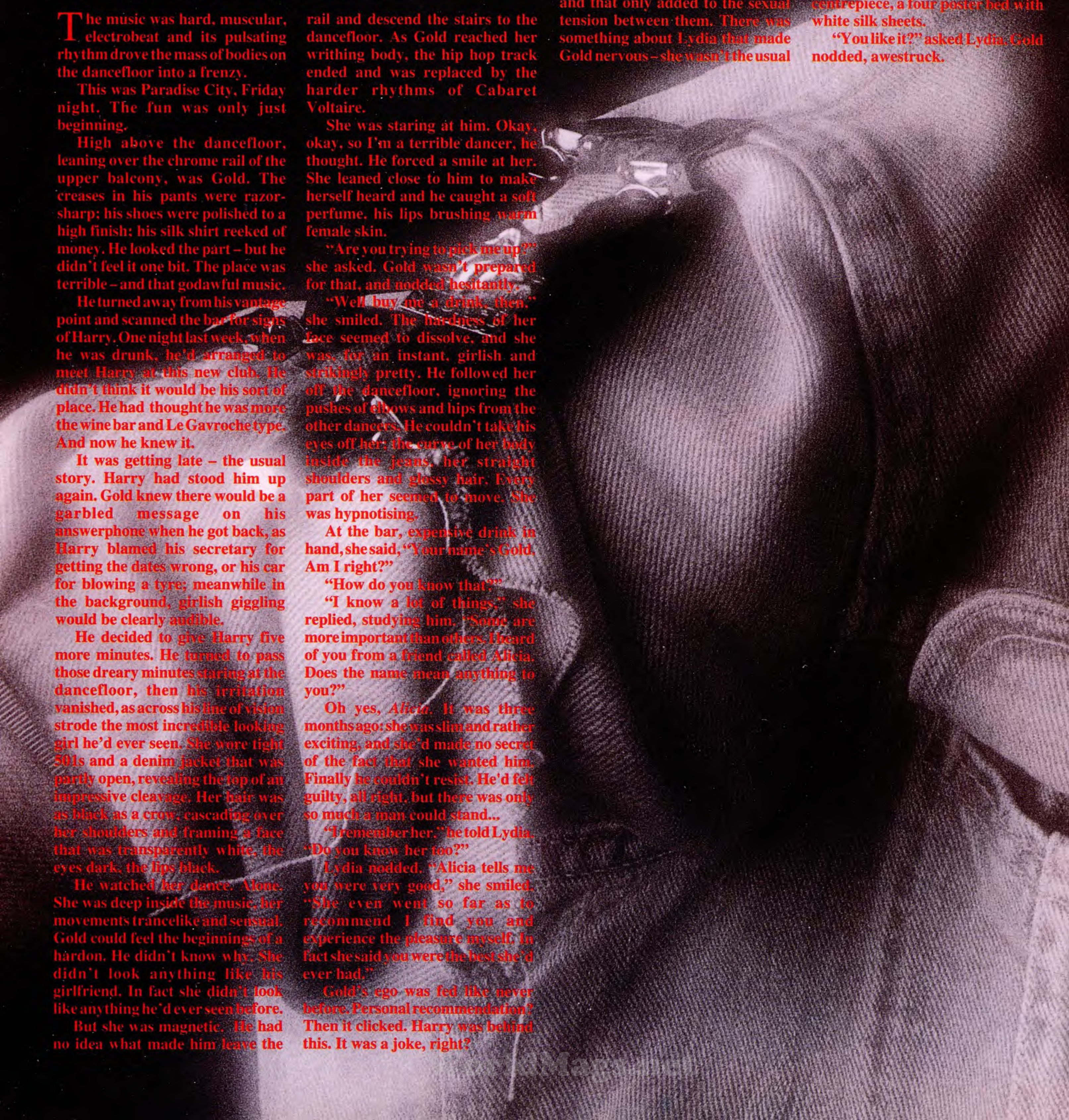
Quest: Do you think you'll ever lose your need for sex?

Redhead: Only if I stop enjoying it!.

Quest: Thank you.

THE LADY IS A VAMP

Casual pick-ups had never been Gold's style, but when the incredible-looking girl in denim strode into view, he knew that was going to change – whether he liked it or not...by Howard Lake



The music was hard, muscular, electrobeat and its pulsating rhythm drove the mass of bodies on the dancefloor into a frenzy.

This was Paradise City, Friday night. The fun was only just beginning.

High above the dancefloor, leaning over the chrome rail of the upper balcony, was Gold. The creases in his pants were razor-sharp; his shoes were polished to a high finish; his silk shirt reeked of money. He looked the part – but he didn't feel it one bit. The place was terrible – and that godawful music.

He turned away from his vantage point and scanned the bar for signs of Harry. One night last week, when he was drunk, he'd arranged to meet Harry at this new club. He didn't think it would be his sort of place. He had thought he was more the wine bar and Le Gavroche type. And now he knew it.

It was getting late – the usual story. Harry had stood him up again. Gold knew there would be a garbled message on his answerphone when he got back, as Harry blamed his secretary for getting the dates wrong, or his car for blowing a tyre; meanwhile in the background, girlish giggling would be clearly audible.

He decided to give Harry five more minutes. He turned to pass those dreary minutes staring at the dancefloor, then his irritation vanished, as across his line of vision strode the most incredible looking girl he'd ever seen. She wore tight 501s and a denim jacket that was partly open, revealing the top of an impressive cleavage. Her hair was as black as a crow, cascading over her shoulders and framing a face that was transparently white, the eyes dark, the lips black.

He watched her dance. Alone. She was deep inside the music, her movements trancelike and sensual. Gold could feel the beginnings of a hardon. He didn't know why. She didn't look anything like his girlfriend. In fact she didn't look like anything he'd ever seen before.

But she was magnetic. He had no idea what made him leave the rail and descend the stairs to the dancefloor. As Gold reached her writhing body, the hip hop track ended and was replaced by the harder rhythms of Cabaret Voltaire.

She was staring at him. Okay, okay, so I'm a terrible dancer, he thought. He forced a smile at her. She leaned close to him to make herself heard and he caught a soft perfume, his lips brushing warm female skin.

"Are you trying to pick me up?" she asked. Gold wasn't prepared for that, and nodded hesitantly.

"Well buy me a drink, then," she smiled. The hardness of her face seemed to dissolve, and she was, for an instant, girlish and strikingly pretty. He followed her off the dancefloor, ignoring the pushes of elbows and hips from the other dancers. He couldn't take his eyes off her; the curve of her body inside the jeans, her straight shoulders and glossy hair. Every part of her seemed to move. She was hypnotising.

At the bar, expensive drink in hand, she said, "Your name's Gold. Am I right?"

"How do you know that?"

"I know a lot of things," she replied, studying him. "Some are more important than others. I heard of you from a friend called Alicia. Does the name mean anything to you?"

Oh yes, *Alicia*. It was three months ago: she was slim and rather exciting, and she'd made no secret of the fact that she wanted him. Finally he couldn't resist. He'd felt guilty, all right, but there was only so much a man could stand...

"I remember her," he told Lydia. "Do you know her too?"

Lydia nodded. "Alicia tells me you were very good," she smiled. "She even went so far as to recommend I find you and experience the pleasure myself. In fact she said you were the best she'd ever had."

Gold's ego was fed like never before. Personal recommendation? Then it clicked. Harry was behind this. It was a joke, right?

"I'm serious," Lydia answered him, without him voicing the question. He stared at her.

"Let me get this right," he said, carefully. "You want to screw me?"

Lydia finished her drink and placed the glass firmly on the table. "I want to do much more than that, Gold."

"Well, in that case," he said helplessly, "your place or mine?"

"Mine."

They hailed a cab and Lydia gave an address somewhere in Holborn. The journey passed in near-silence and that only added to the sexual tension between them. There was something about Lydia that made Gold nervous – she wasn't the usual nightclub bimbo, no casual pickup that you discarded afterwards. There was a quality to her he could not define, yet it was there right before his eyes. Perhaps you just got lucky, kid, he told himself firmly. Don't knock it.

Lydia's flat was on the top floor of a bland apartment building on a quiet side-street. As she opened the door, Gold caught his breath. Her place was just one massive bedroom. You could never have imagined it from the outside; this miasma of black and white satin drapes, dominated by the room's centrepiece, a four poster bed with white silk sheets.

"You like it?" asked Lydia. Gold nodded, awestruck.

gs.net

"I like it too," she went on. "It's perfect for the things I like to do..."

"Which are..?"

She turned to him and kissed him full on the mouth. She was an amazing kisser. Her tongue filled his mouth as she pressed her body hard against him. She didn't need to tell him what she liked. It was blatently obvious...

Her hands were all over him, tearing at his clothes, but he didn't complain, not when Lydia's crimson lips were on his chest, hungrily kissing his nipples and trailing a path of kisses lower and lower down his stomach. Her long fingers deftly unbuttoned his pants.

"Take them off!" Lydia breathed urgently. "I want to see you naked."

Gold was not about to refuse and in well-practised movements, he stripped off the rest of his things and stood before her naked, his erection standing out stiffly before him.

She shrugged off her jacket, and unbuttoned her jeans. Underneath, she wore nothing but brief white panties. As she moved towards him, running her hands over her breasts, he saw that her nipples were already hard, and the tops of her thighs were glistening wet.

Gold's throat was dry. He reached out to touch the girl's pale flesh and Lydia, in turn, played her hands over his body, running down his torso between his legs to Gold's rigid hard-on. Then she pulled him down onto the lightly-scented sheets, and Gold realised that this was going to be her performance, not his.

She ran her hands lightly upon either side of his cock. Her touch was magical – Gold felt himself swell and stiffen even more as her black hair brushed his belly, and Lydia moved down his body. She enclosed the tip of his erection in the velvet embrace of her mouth. He moaned with pleasure as Lydia's tongue and lips teased and coaxed his cock, bringing almost to the edge, but then stopping as she straddled his thighs and guided him deep into the tight hot cocoon of her pussy.

"Do you like it?" Her voice seemed distant, and Gold had to shake his head to clear his mind. The pleasure was almost unbearable. He had never experienced sensations so intense, nor the beginnings of an orgasm which threatened to swamp his whole nervous system.

Lydia was moving slowly above him, in the same rhythm he'd seen on the Paradise City dancefloor. He felt every inch of himself inside her. It was too intense to be real.

He found himself shouting, not with pain or fear, but from the all-consuming pleasure. Every nerve in his body came alive with the exhilarating adrenalin rush of his climax, and it seemed to last an eternity. Through a red-tinted haze he saw Lydia, her body rigid with her own orgasm, her mouth open in a silent yell of delight. Her mouth! The lips were shining, swollen, red... blood-red...

He stared, for a second snapped out of his stupor. Something was definitely not right about her teeth! Her canines were elongated, extruded, like... fangs. Gold was frozen, still in the throes of his most incredible climax ever, but at the same time, a sudden fear swept over him. Blood was pounding in his head, but there was no stopping the ecstatic climax that tore through him.

He moaned with pleasure as her exploring tongue and soft lips teased him.

"Feeling better?"

He could make out the faint outline beside the bed. His eyes focussed and the outline became Lydia, a black satin robe wrapped around her body. Her eyes shone disturbingly.

"What...what happened?" Gold struggled to sit up and in doing so became aware of a dull ache in his neck. His fingers touched the spot and felt two puncture holes in his skin. Memories rushed through his mind: the club, Lydia, her body, and that unbelievable feeling...

"What have you done to me?" he demanded.

"I'm afraid there's been a bit of a change in you... we thought it was for the best."

"We?"

"Your lovers," said a voice to his right. Gold turned.

"Alicia?" It was her – he was certain. No way could he mistake the long blonde hair and china doll face.

"You recognise me!" she laughed.

Lydia broke into the reintroduction. "I met Alicia some months ago," she explained. "She was frightened at first, like you, but she soon came to accept my gift as a blessing – as you will too. After all, Alicia chose you in particular. She told me your prowess would make you a perfect addition to our family."

"Vampires?" said Gold. "You're vampires?"

Lydia shook her head. "We prefer to leave the nonsense about bats and garlic and sharpened stakes to the movies. We're simply a higher form of human, if you like. A more sensual breed. Blood isn't everything – it just helps us reach greater heights of pleasure."

Gold felt the wounds in his neck again. "Now listen, I don't know what all this means, but I am *not* going to sleep in a coffin," he said, emphatically. The two women laughed.

"I think our new initiate needs some convincing, Alicia," Lydia said, shrugging her robe from her shoulders. Alicia smiled in agreement. Her naked body glowed in the half-light as she joined Lydia and Gold on the bed. The two female bodies melted into his, and despite his confusion and fear, Gold found himself responding fast to the intoxicating touch of their hands...

"Harry?" Fully recovered, Gold was phoning his friend.

"Ah, Gold, hi! I want to apologise. My secretary –"

Gold stroked the nearly-healed scabs on his neck absently, as he interrupted. "I know, your secretary got the dates wrong. But it's okay. I had a great time anyway."

"You *liked* it?" The voices in the background were hushed. Harry was obviously keen to hear this.

"Yes. Is that so surprising? In fact, I've been there most nights since. You should come down more often."

"Well I'm a bit busy at the moment," – giggles in the background – "but if it's that good, you can bet I'll be there soon."

The crowd at Paradise City lost itself in the beat. Alone in the centre, a young girl danced, her flawless figure sheathed in a tight red dress. Had she glanced up, she would have seen her audience: the blonde, the raven-haired woman and the handsome man.

"She's perfect," the black-haired woman told the man.

Gold, a little more dishevelled these days, smiled. He knew every corner of this club, now that he spent every night here, and he took a short cut down to the dancefloor. He stood on the edge, close enough to touch her, and waited. Not for long. There was no need for him even to dance these days. In a few minutes she would turn, and smile, and leave the dancefloor to join him.

photographs by Geoff Howes

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME.

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

A man came back from a day at the races at 3am, drunk as a newt. Naturally his wife was was not amused. To make matters worse, halfway through the night the man started moaning softly.

"Oh Linda, Linda, beautiful Linda!"

His wife was furious. Violently she shook him awake.

"Linda!" she screamed. "Linda! My name's Mary! Who's bloody Linda?"

Half asleep but remarkably astute, the man opened one eye.

"Oh! Linda? It was a horse in the 2.30. Beautiful Linda it was called. It came it at ten to one, I made 50 quid."

"Oh I see," replied his wife. Reassured, she turned over and went promptly back to sleep.

By the next morning, she was more sympathetic towards her hungover husband, and fetched aspirins and coffee for him. Then the phone rang.

"It's all right, I'll get it," she said. "You just sit there and think what you can buy me with that 50 pounds you won."

Her husband smiled weakly. However, when his wife returned she was not smiling quite so sweetly.

"Bill!" she called, "You know that horse that won the 2.30?"

"Errr, yes..." he replied.

"She wants a word with you."

Seen in a Camden ladies toilet:
Why did God create men?
Because vibrators can't mow the lawn.

For decades two statues of the Duke of Wellington and Britannia had stood in the corner of the park in all weathers. Then one day an angel from heaven came down to praise their resilience.

"You have been a fine example to the people of this town," the angel said to the statues. "Standing firm against the elements, providing inspiration to all. To reward you for this, we have decided to let you have an hour of life to do exactly what you want!"

With a whoop of joy, the two living statues got down from their pedestals and started making love on the park lawn. Forty-five minutes later, they were breathless and thoroughly satisfied. Then the angel re-appeared.

"You still have 15 minutes left to do anything you choose before returning to a lifetime of stillness," the angel reminded them. The couple thought for a few moments.

"I know!" cried Britannia suddenly. "See that pigeon over there? You hold him down, and I'll crap on him!"

What does a walrus and Tupperware have in common?
Both come with a tight seal.

Roger went to work on Monday morning feeling full of the joys of spring only for his secretary to greet him with a frown. She urged him to sit down.

"You look terrible," she said. "Don't you think you should go home?"

"But I feel fine!" he protested.

Roger took his report in to the boss, only for him to say the same, staring at him in horror.

"For God's sake, Perkins, you look terrible. Go home to bed," he ordered, despite Roger's insistence that he felt okay.

When he got home, even his wife looked concerned.

"God you look absolutely ghastly! I'll call the doctor at once."

"But..."

Half an hour later the doctor arrived.

"My, my, you look rough!" he said. "I haven't seen anyone look that bad in ages. How do you feel?"

"That's the whole point, doc," replied Roger. "I feel perfectly okay."

"Well, it's a new one on me," the doctor said looking somewhat puzzled, and started leafing through his medical textbook. "Looks, good and feels good – no that's not you. Look terrible and feels terrible, no! Ah! That's it. Looks terrible and feels terrific..."

"So what's wrong with me, doc?" asked Roger, anxiously.

"According to this, you're a cunt!"

A feminist lady styled Ms,
Went into the gents for a ps.
Said she, "Sex segregation
Is sheer degredation.
I'm a person, I shall go where I pls."

A true story:
Little Jimmy was with his mum in the check-out queue behind a rather fat lady. As they waited patiently, the fat lady's telephone pager went off, emmitting a loud "Beep... beep...beep!" The boy tugged at his mother's arm in alarm.

"Watch out, Mum!" he paniked, "She's about to reverse!" Ⓜ

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Illustrated by Spencer